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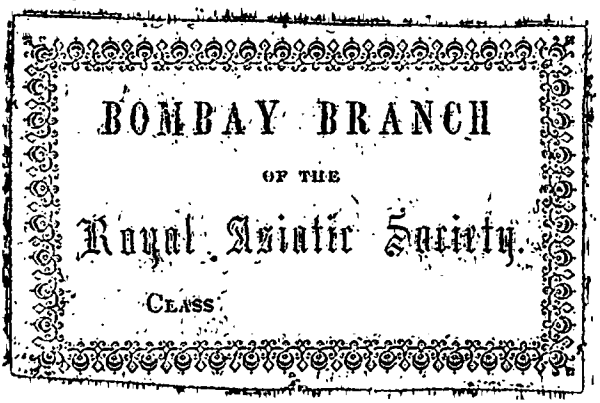

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SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

IN

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BY

VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

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London:

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INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR

TO HIS FELLOW-MEMBERS OF THE GRILLION CLUB,

WHOSE SOCIAL MEETINGS IN

MORE THAN FIFTY SESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

HAVE DRAWN POLITICAL ADVERSARIES TOGETHER

AND SOFTENED THE

RESENTMENTS OF PARTY-WARFARE.

PREFACE.

THE following Poems were written at various intervals during a long course of serious and sometimes very responsible occupations in the public service. Their composition often afforded a pleasant and not unuseful relief from official drudgery. We learned in our nurseries, that "too much work makes Jack a dull boy," and at school we were told by the most agreeable of teachers that Apollo himself does not always keep his bow on the stretch. I had early opportunities of testing the value of these hints, and found in my natural inclination the means of turning them to account. From boyhood, like many others, I was sensibly alive to the fascinations of poetry, and there it was that in riper days I sought without an effort the needful relaxation,—which, by the way, was

not the less attractive for being obtained by snatches in the spirit of a Spartan marriage.

With respect to publication, I have shivered a fair length of time on its brink. It was far from being intended at first, and even now in taking the irrevocable plunge I am rather indebted to a friendly impulsion than to my own resolution. If there be rashness in the step, I have illustrious precedents to plead.

The poems themselves are a selection. In arranging them for the press, I have observed in general the order of time. Those of later date may be said to owe their existence rather to habit than to the original motive.

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SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

FIRST SERIES.

LINES TO THE SWISS.

1814.

Swiss! in storm, in battle, brave!
Faithful e'en beside the grave!
Say, can friendship's bond enslave?
To be one is to be free.

Lo! the clouds of sorrow break:
Haste, for dear Helvetia's sake,
Each a brother's hand to take!
Did not so th' Immortal Three?

On the soil where Arnold fell,
Discord, thou shalt never dwell!
In the land redeem'd by Tell
Who would dare to harbour thee?

Swiss! by Morad's thrilling name,
By Morgarten's twice-won fame,
By the tale of Austria's shame,
Swear beneath your Alpine tree.

By your great forefathers, slain
In the cause that left no stain,
Guard your country's holy fane,
Link'd as patriots ought to be.

Yours is valour's heritage,
Yours the light from glory's page,
Yours the love that fears not age,
Love, that nobly binds the free.

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

THE land that I was born in,
Oh! that's the land I love!
'Twas there in youth's fair morning
The wreaths of hope I wove.

In manhood since I've wander'd
Thro' many a favour'd clime,
Where brightest things were squander'd
By Nature in her prime.

But what are pérfumed breezes,
Or skies that know not gloom,
Or streams no winter freezes,
Or birds of gaudy plume,—

What boots the vine's rich cluster,
The citron's spangled shade,
Or fountain's sparkling lustre
In groves that never fade,

If nought be there to waken
Our being's early spell,
Ere yet too rudely shaken
The heart's first blossoms fell?

Time-hallow'd recollection
Embalms what once was dear;
The tones of young affection
Are shrined in memory's ear.

ESPOZ Y MINA.

MINA ! thy deeds in time gone by
When "Spain and Freedom !" was the cry,
To fame were justly dear ;
And now, tho' fortune's star be down,
And kings and courtiers on thee frown,
We proudly greet thee here.

Brave heart ! it seem'd a cruel doom
That tore thee from thy mountain home ;
For if on earth there be
A right that despots cannot brand,
'Twas thine to share and guard the land
Thy life was pledged to free.

But One, who knew thou ill couldst bear
With slaves to breathe a stifling air,
In pity sped the blow;
Time only serves a greater will;
The years a fated circle fill,
And joy is heir to woe.

THE MISTAKE AND ITS REMEDY.

SWEET moments of love and delight,
Ah! why with such haste do ye flee?
The dream, that like summer is bright,
Not shorter than summer should be.

Ere nightfall, when mute was the breeze,
I held the dear girl to my heart,
And the moonbeam yet slept on the trees,
When, sighing, she said we must part.

Not a word, as we stole o'er the green,
Not a thought, as we paused by the brook,
But reflected the charms of the scene,
And a tint from their loveliness took.

Now, alas ! the delusion is o'er ;
To remembrance it seems but a speck,
Like the view of some far-distant shore,
When we catch a last glimpse from the deck.

Oh ! stay thee—oh ! stay thee, old Time !
And loiter awhile on thy way ;
Such haste, though it suited thy prime,
Befits not thy years of decay.

If a term in the dark book of fate
From of old be assign'd to thy course,
And a fear of outstaying the date
Forbid thee to husband thy force,

Whene'er in this wearisome vale
The shafts of misfortune annoy,
Then, spreading thy plumes to the gale,
Give sorrow the fleetness of joy.

THREE PATRIOTIC SIMILES.

1816.

OLD England is a *Ship of war*,
That, peace restored and funds at par,
Near Plymouth dock reposes;
Her ministers are each a tar,
Whose manly forehead many a scar,
More precious than th' embroider'd star
On Valour's breast, discloses:

Her broadsides are no longer heard;
But still her "meteor" flag 's revered,
While nations mark, with wonder,
How deep the shade her bulwarks throw
On the dark, mutt'ring waves below,
And hope or fear, as friend or foe,
To rouse their slumb'ring thunder.

Old England is a *Royal Beast*,
That, when th' assailant's war hath ceased,
His wonted jungle seeking;
There, stretch'd in giant length, inhales
The freshness of the temper'd gales,
Or smoothes awhile, ere sleep prevails,
His paws with carnage reeking:

Cave, rock, and wood repeat no more
The warning echoes of his roar—
That sound of fearful token;
But still the monarch's sinewy frame,
His eyes of vigilance and flame,
His shaggy mane and limbs proclaim
A heart and nerve unbroken.

Old England is an *Orb of light*,
That speeds thro' heav'n its trackless flight,
In silent radiance moving;

Where, round the sun's refulgent urn,
And stars remote, that sunlike burn,
Ten thousand glorious planets turn,
Some steady, others roving:

Resolved, in her unwearied race,
The path ordain'd by Heav'n to trace,
Her own just rights maintaining,
She brooks nor guide nor partner *there*;
All else of freedom, light, and air
Content with rival pow'rs to share,
The feeblest not disdaining.

AN OFFERING WHERE MOST DUE.

GREAT Cause! whence first our being came,
Creator, Saviour, Judge of all!
Through endless ages still the same;
Eternal King! on Thee we call.

Tho' mortal eye can ne'er behold,
Nor brain of man thy form conceive,
That Thou art good Thy works unfold,—
The rest to faith and hope we leave.

While here we breathe, ten thousand forms
Of grace and radiance charm our eyes;
But heav'n's fair vault is swept by storms,
And nature fades, and beauty dies.

For one brief burning hour of youth
In life, in love, in joy we trust;
Another tells th' o'erwhelming truth
That all we doat on is but dust.

Thou only, whose Almighty Will
Drew man from earth, and worlds from nought,
Canst bid th' expiring heart be still,
And fix on heav'n the sinking thought.

Then, Lord, on Thee, no more to range,
Our hearts in trembling faith rely,
Assured, tho' all, but Thou, must change,
That we, tho' changed, shall never die.

MORTALITY.

In the season of flowers
  She gladden'd my sight,
In all the gay bowers
  No blossom more bright.

I return'd when the bowers
  Again were in bloom;
But alas! the sweet flowers
  Were strew'd on her tomb.

THE LINDEN TREE.

In Autumn's pride, ere leaves were pale,
Beneath a branching linden-tree,
With laugh, and song, and many a tale,
We gave the hour to festive glee.

There bloom'd the cheek of artless Youth;
There Mirth its sparkling fancies shed;
There Friendship pledged the vows of truth;
And Love no poison'd arrow sped.

How bright the scene!—alas! how swift
The wing that bore it far away,
Remote, like shadowy clouds, to drift,
And on the twilight eve decay.

Yet one was there, whose gifted mind
Around her cast the seraph's glow,
And fain was she that hour to bind
With playful art on memory's brow.

"Behold!" she cried, "the seat, the tree,
"To joy, to wit, to friendship dear!
"This pictured card our pledge shall be
"Again to meet in revel here.

"Twice ten we met, twice ten we part;—
"Why doubt the twentieth year to choose?
"Then, Earth! be green as now thou art!
"Then, Heav'n! thy fairest tints diffuse!"

The feather'd years unheeded flew;
Joy came, and sorrow came in turn,
Till hands unseen the veil withdrew,
And taught what all were grieved to learn.

Lo! there it stood,—th' appointed hour,
So slow to come, yet there at last!
A noiseless march of stealthy pow'r,
Closed by a startling trumpet-blast.

Dread guest! the shadow on thy brow
Made hope itself in terror flee;
But still to keep my plighted vow
Alone I sought the linden-tree.

Alas! the hour! in silent dust
Wit, beauty, worth, and friendship lay:
What bitter dregs the heart encrust,
When all its founts have ceased to play!

Yet, loved companions! loved tho' lost,—
If still ye heed an earthly tear,
These notes may please your airy host,
And vibrate e'en to yonder sphere.

Thou, too, the brightest, fare thee well!
With wisdom more than woman's crown'd,
Who e'en with princes here could dwell,
Nor lose the peace so rarely found.

Farewell!—the wreath I twined for thee
On Autumn's gale its leaves may strew:—
How rank the weed, how bare the lea,
Where once thy branching fav'rite grew!

THE SOUL OF MUSIC.

How soft among yon silent strings
The soul of Music sleeps,
Till Art's enchantment o'er them flings
The spell that memory keeps!

Then call'd anew to life and love
Their trembling spirit wakes;
From purest depths of pow'r above
Th' angelic utt'rance breaks.

In tuneful sounds what mast'ry dwells!
Alike the charm is felt
When glory's proudest chorus swells,
Or pity's dove-notes melt.

Of airy links they weave a chain
Round feeling's throne entwined ;
In them for every joy and pain
A kindred voice we find.

Ye shadows from the world of light
On art's rich canvas thrown !
Ye thefts from heav'n reveal'd to sight
In forms of breathing stone !

Your tints, your lines of glowing truth,—
Exhaustless themes of praise,—
Still fire the hopes of gifted youth,
And fix the wand'rer's gaze.

But wafted from a chaster sphere
The tones of Music fall ;
Nor only win the captive ear,
But hold the mind in thrall.

Absorbing harmonies, they steep
In rapture's dream the soul;
They hush the mourner left to weep,
And hallow Circe's bowl:

Sweet fairy guests, that tidings bring
From golden climes afar,
Beyond the reach of boldest wing,
Beyond the palest star;

Echoes—that fondly welcomed turn
Like weary truants home,
For scenes long-left when bosoms yearn,
And loathe the wish to roam.

There sadly mingling seem to float
The spoils of bygone hours,
With many a half-forgotten note
Once heard in blither bow'rs.

There vibrate still to fancy's ear
A mother's guardian lay,—
The village peal rung out so clear
On manhood's brightest day,—

The warlike march, the jovial song,
The chime from Ocean's surge,
And ah! tho' distant, yet so strong,
The hero's funeral dirge.

Snatch'd from the downward stream of time
These wither'd blooms are dear,
Nor sweeter strains, tho' more sublime,
The dying saint may cheer.

Such round thy fading hours, Mozart!
From angel choirs were shed;
Such Handel pour'd with matchless art,
And such with Weber fled.

THE FALL OF MOREAU.

1813.

In the tempest of war, as it swept o'er the plain,
Where Dresden lay trembling 'mid heaps of the slain,
A moment's dread pause, and the death-shot was heard:
"*Who falls?*" cried Napoleon; "*Moreau!*" was the word.

The life-blood, tho' faintly, yet throbs at his heart,
And the spirit, unwearied, is loth to depart;
But drench'd with his gore is the sod where he lies,
And the vulture sails over, secure of her prize.

See him borne from the field on that blood-streaming bier,
While the last sound of battle recedes from his ear:
Oh! moment of anguish to one who so oft
Had waved the red standard of conquest aloft:
Yet the same placid look which at Linden he wore,
The same that to exile undaunted he bore,—
A radiance, like Morn's on some east-going prow,
Still beams from each feature and lights the wan brow.

Death came! not a wish, not a feeling was there,
But a martyr might cherish, an angel might share;
One sigh to the purest ambition he breathed,
One thought to the softest of passions bequeathed;
The rest to that cause which ennobled his fall—
Heart, counsel, and pray'rs—he devoted them all.
Oh! noblest example the great can display!
Oh! price of true glory that heroes must pay.

Already the word from above is gone forth:
Hark, tyrant! it comes on the blasts of the North!
It comes, and the victims who writhe in thy snare,
At its bidding start up in the strength of despair.
Their hopes to sustain, and their hearts to unite
In the tent, in the field, in the truce and the fight,
Thy rival's pure fame rises bright o'er his grave,
A day-star for Europe, to guide and to save!

AN ALPINE FAREWELL TO ITALY.

A GENIAL breath revived the bow'rs,
Soft Italia's vernal air;
Earth's bosom teem'd with op'ning flow'rs,
Man's with all of good and fair,
When Turin's plain of verdure leaving,—
Fond dreams of hope past ills retrieving,—
We sought the chamois' craggy lair.
There, with'ring all, o'er flood and fell
A sceptred hand of ice extended.
How strange and wild'ring grew the spell,
As high our panting steeds ascended!

By slow degrees the sight eluding,
Shade on shade, the landscape waned;

So grief with stealthy foot intruding,
Oft the rosy cheek hath drain'd.
Spring's emerald robe in distance faded,
While yet some tree with blossoms braided
On slope or knoll her blush retain'd.
Then downward sullen mist-wreaths curl'd,
By damp sepulchral airs preceded,
Till, wide its charnel-sheet unfurl'd,
The crunching snow our wheels impeded.

Aslant, thro' folds of sailing vapour
Oft a fitful ray would fall,
Cold, wat'ry, faint, a spectral taper
Glimmering o'er the mountain's pall.
Fast, fast, yet soft as infant's slumber,
The broad flakes drop in ceaseless number,
A pigmy host, o'erwhelming all!
Where now the year's unfolding bloom,
Its mantling flush, its maiden sweetness,

Veil'd, blotted, sunk in mist and gloom,
With thoughts that mourn o'er beauty's fleetness.

But, hark!—a sound: there's life, there's action,
Nature quickens as it nears;
Beneath its load of dull abstraction,
Roused anew, the spirit clears.
Yon jangling chime, tho' harsh, amuses;
Nor blest the fop, whose pride refuses
Aught that a simpler bosom cheers.
Lo! winding on from steep to steep,
With wary pace each mule advances;
Their nodding bells rude measure keep,
And still the feather'd snow-flake dances.

While yet our eyes with pleasure glisten,
Fearful stillness gathers round;
In caves remote the whirlwinds listen;
Fast the leaping floods are bound.

What late in headlong waves descended,
In crystal spires, on high suspended,
Now crests th' abyss, where sight is drown'd.
All, all is lock'd to ear and eye,
A tomb, a blank;—and listless wonder
Half longs the rushing mass to spy,
Whose flash is death, whose voice is thunder.

Behold! the master-guide approaches!
"There," with pointed staff he cries,
"Aloft, where pile on pile encroaches,
"Dimm'd by mists, that round them rise,—
"It falls, that toppling ridge of whiteness,
"Falls, like the headsman's crashing brightness,
"And yonder down in ruin flies!"
On his pale brow, in horror glass'd,
We read what else our sight had cheated,
And, ere th' astounding shadow pass'd,
His tale the mountain's roar repeated.

An honest face and manly bearing
Mark the true Helvetian guide;
In perill'd life and breathless daring
Finds he nought but joy and pride.
He courts the dizzy brink of danger;
His arm upholds the reeling stranger;
He sings on pathless Yungfer's side.
Such once thy brave and faithful race,
Chamouni, seat of untaught sages!
Where cradled in thy fond embrace
The glacier July's heat assuages.

How dearly still by memory treasured
Live the scenes that name recalls,
Where first with awe-struck eye we measured
Huge Montanvert's granite walls!
There, from unfathom'd gulfs recoiling,
The din of torrents, darkly boiling,
E'en youth's intrepid heart appals.

There, on his sky-girt dome enthroned,
Sits, blanch'd with age, primæval Winter,—
Above the steep with forests zoned,
Above the peak, that lightnings splinter.

At length, the snow-fall's track surmounted,
And the road's long coil unwound,
Each tale of hair-breadth risk recounted,
Pleased we breathe on level ground.
Beneath us, hush!—how sweet and holy,—
Attuned by tend'rest melancholy,—
The vesper-chimes, upwafted, sound!
Bright land! to this, thy farewell peal,
Farewell! with all my heart's devotion.
How swift, alas! the sledge-borne wheel!
How smooth the white and waveless ocean!

E'en here, tho' late, boon Heav'n's indulgence
Life in seed and germ awakes;

The glaciers flow, and morn's effulgence
On the rill's green margin breaks.
The wild goat then the wild herb presses,
And starting from th' hoar cliff's recesses
Her jocund welcome Echo shakes.
Then, light as boyhood's vacant laugh,
O'er Gothard roams the mountain peasant;
Gay striding whirls his idle staff,
Nor asks if earth has aught more pleasant.

Away! away! 'tis rash to linger;
Placid lie the snowy plains,
Where Eve awhile with rosy finger
Twilight's drooping skirt sustains.
Not so, when down yon summits driven
With blasts that tear the vault of heaven,
Its howling pack the North unchains.
Those blasts the loosen'd surface lift;
Thick glooms the air; the snow-tracks vanish;

And wilder'd 'midst the blinding drift
Trav'ler and guide their last hope banish.

Ye holy men, whom dove-eyed pity,
Born of Charity's pure love,
From social haunt and cheerful city
Leads o'er snow-clad heights to rove;
How oft, when Death his prey would single,
With gale and sleet your voices mingle,
Angelic, as from realms above.
Your trusty dogs the wretch display
In wintry cerements wrapt,—untended!
Your hands the last sad homage pay,
When life is quench'd, and journey ended.

Away! the twilight fades; and hollow,
As when cavern'd billows moan,
Each flitting gust low murmurs follow,
Making loneliness more lone.

Like squadrons in the charge careering,
Athwart the stars, by fits appearing,
Wild heaps of cloud are madly blown.
On high th' aërial torrents sweep;
Nor long unmoved the plain reposes:
We pause not, till the Northern steep,
Half plunged in night, its gulf discloses.

There, fathoms down, where scatter'd twinkle,
Small, yet clear, the village lights;
Where oft the browsing heifer's tinkle
Sleep at noon-tide hour invites,
Rude Savoy's poor and artless maiden,
From far, with long-saved earnings laden,
Returns to bless the wintry nights.
Once more away! the weary guides
Cling round, supporting and supported;
On shoots the sledge, as homeward glides
A bark by favouring winds escorted.

With speed, in danger's spite that gladdens,
Peak and precipice we leave ;
Nor cold, nor gloom the spirit saddens,
Nor the snows, that drifted heave.
Thro' darksome firs, or giant larches,
Or where the tunnell'd rock o'erarches,
Now left, now right, the air we cleave.
Again the rapid spokes fly round ;
His twanging horn the post-boy raises ;
And soon our Alpine race is crown'd
With smoking board, and hearth that blazes.

CUPID'S LAST TRICK.

O'ER the harp, but newly strung,
Love a wreath of roses flung,
Round and round he twined it;
"Here's to catch a scornful maid,"
To himself the urchin said,
Hov'ring o'er to bind it.

Lo! when Dora came that day
On her fav'rite harp to play,
There the wreath was blooming:
"This," she cried in angry tone,
"This hath teasing Damon done;
"Faith! he's too presuming."

While she spoke, the haughty maid
From her harp-strings tore the braid,
Not one rose-bud sparing;
But the thorn that lurk'd beneath
In her finger found a sheath;—
'Twas of Love's preparing.

Laughing in his sleeve for joy,
Near her stood the wily boy,
With an air of feeling;
"Gentle maid! tho' but a child,
"I," said he, and meekly smiled,
"Have some skill in healing."

By his look and accent caught,
Dora, not suspecting aught,
Show'd the wounded finger;
Love survey'd it o'er and o'er,
Press'd, and chafed, and kiss'd each pore
Where a throb might linger.

"Damsel!" then he archly said,
"Tell me, has the anguish fled?"—
"Yes," said Dora, sighing,
"Thou hast cured my finger's smart,
"But the pain has reach'd my heart:—
"Imp! and thou art flying."

THE MORAL OF MIGRATION.

THERE'S nought in May's reviving bloom, when hearts
to rapture yield,
There's nought in Summer's boundless glow, when plenty
crowns the field,
Like that soft hour whose dying tints enrich the faded
grove,
And raise to calmer, holier thought the dreams of mirth
and love.

'Tis not the pensive maid alone that feels the chast'ning
power,
Or musing bard who hears a moan in each deserted
bower;

The wild inhabitants of air give witness of the spell,
Nor blest the mind that notes untouch'd their ling'ring, last farewell.

Aloft in many a ring they wheel, and test th' inspiring force,
That points afar to climes unknown their long uncharted course;
A guide within each flutt'ring breast sustains the feeble wing,
And soon th' autumnal gale for them o'ertakes the flight of spring.

Then tell me, thou! whose eye can read the world's mysterious plan,
When Nature beckons o'er the grave, why shrinks the soul of Man?
Why clings he to an earthly shore, when all its charms are flown,
Why turns he from a brighter land, which faith can make his own?

A FABLE FROM WINDSOR FOREST.

ONCE on a time I chanced, in May,
Thro' Windsor's bow'ry glades to stray,
When blossoms on the hawthorn hung,
And birds were blithe, and leaves were young,
And all so tuned to love and glee,
It seem'd like Nature's jubilee.

While rapt, in sweet congenial mood,
Beside an ancient oak I stood,
Methought a sound, as when the breeze
At night steals softly through the trees,
Half sigh, half whisper,—faintly heard,
Within the leafy thicket stirr'd.

I listen'd, look'd,—no step was near;—
Again the murmur caught mine ear,
And sighs, to syllables improved,
My fear, and then my pity moved.

" Sad times," it said, or seem'd to say;
" The seasons all are quite astray.
" That rustling of the zephyr's wing
" Was once th' unerring sign of spring,
" Nor e'er was need in copse or grove
" Of other call to joy and love.
" But now the breeze from yonder hill,
" In spite of May, comes bleak and chill;
" The cowslip wears a sickly hue,
" And morning yields no genial dew.
" E'en I, whose limbs were wont to shade
" An acre of the forest glade,
" Am stinted of my vernal pride:
" Such leaves a trunk like mine to hide
" Well, well, a hundred years ago—
" How swift the change!—it was not so."

" Your case, time-honour'd friend!" said I,
" Commands my warmest sympathy;
" But are you not, tho' strong your reasons,
" A little hard upon the seasons?
" I, too, perceive in modern Mays
" The April of our former days,
" And find, at times, a June so cold,
" As scarce to match our Mays of old.
" But, sooth to say, I fear the blame
" Lies rather in this batter'd frame.
" My years, indeed, are not computed
" Like yours, my friend, in earth deep-rooted!
" Proud, as we are, to move about,
" We sooner run our measure out;
" And many a race of men must die
" While your green branches wave on high.
" Young still is young, and old is old;
" Accept your lot, and cease to scold.'

DECATUR.

He fell not on the battle plain,
Nor in his country's cause was slain,
Though oft on ocean's wave
His gallant arm had reap'd the field,
Where fame and conquest love to yield
Their harvests to the brave.

In manhood's bloom, by age unchill'd,
With many a vow yet unfulfill'd,
His parting breath he drew:
No sickness dealt th' untimely stroke,
No keen domestic sorrow broke
The chord to feeling true.

A luckless hand, a private blow,
Columbia's fairest hope laid low,
When brave Decatur died:
Alas! that on its airy scroll
False pride should e'er one heart enroll
In worthier conflicts tried!

The meanest warrior, who for pay
Bleeds in the skirmish far away,
His name, his deeds unknown,
Retains a thought from anguish clear,
That well his darken'd hours may cheer
E'en to the last faint moan.

The life, that from his bosom flows,
That soldier to his country owes;
Her voice demands the debt;
He lifts to heav'n a fearless eye;
Revenge! his circling comrades cry;
Their tears his forehead wet.

Not such was good Decatur's fall,
When malice wing'd the fatal ball,
That pierced his manly breast:
No waving ensign o'er him flew;
His only tears were morning's dew;
His hand no comrade press'd.

When valour's earthly course is run
Ere yet th' immortal crown be won,
What pangs the bosom rend!
As o'er each hope long nourish'd there,
Each wreath that heroes bleed to wear,
The shades of death descend.

If aught of glory loved in vain,
Brave Seaman! wrung thy dying brain,
All now is hush'd and still,—
Still, as the cold night-stars that shed
Their beams upon the lonely bed
Thy mould'ring relics fill.

Peace to their dust! no kindred muse
With flow'rs the sod that wraps them strews;
A stranger decks thy bier;
Such tribute claims from every land
The soul, that generous thoughts expand,
And Albion pays it here.

THE VINE-GLEANER.

"YE talk of pain and sorrow,
"Of bosoms made to sigh;
"Come! read a golden morrow
"In yonder golden sky.

"The farm, the vine-clad mountain,
"Are oft a source of care;
"Be mine yon bubbling fountain,
"And mine the buxom air.

"No heart by wealth o'erladen
"Can ever long be free;
"Lo! I'm an orphan maiden;
"And GOD provides for me."

'Twas thus, by art unaided,
A damsel wildly sang;
Through vines, the hill that shaded,
Her merry wood-notes rang.

A rich, but dying splendour
From Autumn's mantle fell;
Not brighter, or more tender,
The gleam of love's farewell.

No more the purple cluster
From branch or trellis hung;
But eve its golden lustre
On leaf and tendril flung.

It seem'd a landscape woven
Of hues from rainbow show'rs,
When Spring, her veil half cloven,
Steps forth in light and flow'rs.

A charm as bright pervaded
The gleaner's cheek of love,
While with bent arm she braided
Her raven locks above.

A shape for youth selected,
A face as wild as fair;—
Brave innocence reflected,
As in a mirror there;—

Eyes, where a world might enter,
Though soft their fawn-like gaze,—
All seem'd from one deep centre
To part in kindred rays.

She paused a moment gazing,
Then search'd the vines again,
And then her clear voice raising
Renew'd the joyous strain:—

"Yon bird, that skims the water,
"Alone can rival me;
"No parent calls me daughter,
"But I, like it, am free.

"With gentle breath my labour
"The mountain breezes cheer;
"And kind the wealthy neighbour
"Who bids me welcome here.

"I wade the brook for cresses,
"I sweep the wintry snow;
"And still my heart possesses
"A joy that makes it glow.

"Unharm'd by want or danger,
"An orphan maid, I roam;
"And One, who guides the stranger,
"In time will take me home."

She ceased: the sky's dun girdle
In sadness seem'd to close;
And mists, that dimly curdle
In stillest twilight, rose.

WILL O' THE WISP.

OVER moss, and over moor,
Will o' the Wisp, I dance away;
Faithless wench, and tipsy boor,
Will o' the Wisp, I lead astray.
Know ye the lamp,
That feeds on damp,
Glimmering, glancing here and there?
Know ye the light
That twinkles bright,
When the old mist-hag rides up in the air?

Joke, and Fun, and Laugh, and Hoax,
Jack o' the Lantern's imps are ye.
Hist! no more the fen-bird croaks;
Now for a prank! and then a glee!

Have you a priest
Who loves to feast?
Have you a foppish lawyer's clerk?
'Twere half a sin
To leave his chin
Bobbing above the water mark.

In the beam of summer's noon
Many a rainbow thing is seen;
Fays and Elves beneath the moon
Trip in a witch-ring on the green.
Be there a star
That peeps afar
Over the fen, whose vapours creep,
Better than day
Its winking ray
Points to the bank, where mandrakes sleep.

Round and round, when leaves are sear,
Winnows the owl my pathway dim!

Faugh!—the ghosts that rustle near
Smell of the gibbet's tainted limb!
Wo! to the spark,
When nights are dark,
Who in his heat would cross the plain,
'Tis but a splash!
The waters flash;—
Health to the lass who waits in vain.

Marsh and bog when hot winds drain,
Tost on a cloud I float on high;
Pool and rill let winter chain,
Pining in icy bonds I lie.
Bid me not swear
What I've seen there
Laughing to hear the ice-flaw crack;
Rapid and mute
When meteors shoot,
Will o' the Wisp is on their track.

TO THE ALPS.

ALPS! mountain giants! ye, whose foreheads bear
Accumulated snows, the hoard of time,
Reaching to nature's birth,—oft as ye rise,
Tho' dimly, on my thought, in dream or vision,
Challenging wonder as your right—all hail!

Vast granary of waters, never drain'd,
Fruitful tho' lifeless,—now begirt with mist,
Now coldly glitt'ring in the blaze of noon,—
Lo! from your deep reluctant stores go forth,
Leaping from rock to rock, the mighty floods,
By boundless love commission'd,—whose rich waves,
As onward still and far they loit'ring flow,

Thro' torrid wastes or golden harvests roll,
Clasping the nations in their silv'ry folds.

Primæval barriers! clime from clime ye part,
And races bound and languages: Of old,
When genius plann'd and generous toil achieved
The noblest triumphs, what more fitly crown'd
A warrior's fame, and wreathed it round with blessings,
Than one, the later, whence a village name,
Simplon, became a glory? Then ye stoop'd,
Like hydras charm'd, your rugged pinnacles,
And to the gently-winding child of science
Each grim defile and headlong steep resign'd!

Uplifted far beyond the struggling clouds,
That strain and baffle the unsated eye,
What frozen tracts expand!—an Arctic Sea
Fretted with hideous billows, motionless,
Ridge interlaced with ridge, and gulfs between,
Unfathom'd gulfs, where shiv'ring horror broods.

There seated high 'midst thunder-rifted crags,
Whose peaks shoot deep into the starry night,
Our monarch-dome, in loneliness sublime,
Pantheon-like, the void of ether fills!
There, light and free, the steinbock loves to bound,
While Rome's own bird, of morning's slow return
Impatient, climbs the marble air serene,
And, soaring, meets midway its orient beam!

There cradled on the glacier's icy lap,—
His lullaby the song of mountain winds
Striving for mast'ry, and a mother's care
By step-dame Poverty's rude hand supplied,—
Helvetia's darling, new-born Freedom, grew,
With unswathed limbs in mould heroic shaped,
And eyes that flash'd amid the tempest's roar.

Come, gaze with me on yon stupendous throne
Of nature, rough with antique characters,

Whose silent mystery speaks with more than voice!
Come, wander fancy-led from glen to glen,
Making thy steps familiar with the world
Of glacier, cataract, and avalanche!
Here learn how deeply the bow'd spirit feels
That unseen presence ev'rywhere diffused,
But down the flanks of yon hoar Alpine cliff
Imprinted in eternal awfulness.

Half realized to pain, the sense and weight
Of insignificance forlorn might crush
The heart it bears on, did not faith inspire
A hope that grows with life, and upward buoy
To purer heights the pris'ner caged within.
Dwarf'd by the scale nor time nor thought can measure,
Dread Schreckhorn cow'rs beneath the soul of man;
E'en earth's huge orb with one poor swain compared
Shrinks to an atom by the whirlwind toss'd.

THE MOUNTAIN NYMPH.

A MOUNTAIN nymph, who loved to tumble
In spite of shock or knock,
Who oft, when storms were heard to rumble,
Too brave to hide, too light to stumble,
Would gaily skip from rock to rock,

Chanced on a day, when winds were roaring
And torrents rush'd in force,
To leave the cleft, where sometimes soaring,
Sometimes her fountain-urn outpouring,
She watch'd the current's turbid course;

And just for sport, the risk not weighing,
Leapt from her native spring,
And frisking, plunging, shrinking, straying,
Her charms half veiling, half displaying,
Right downward led the Highland fling.

Her form of blended air and water,
Elastic, pure, and free,
Might well have puzzled one who caught her
To guess what sire for such a daughter
Had paid the registration fee.

With speed, that fall and fell derided,
She swept the crystal way,
Thro' banks of flow'ry verdure glided,
O'er sands of golden lustre tided,
And, floating, in soft slumber lay.

Meanwhile, by gentle airs befriended,
The clouds had sunk to rest;
The gale had ceased, the floods descended,
The sun, his glitt'ring journey ended,
With parting beams emblazed the West.

Unbroken boom'd the lazy billow,
And softly fell the shade,
While heaving on her wat'ry pillow,
Lull'd by the whispers of the willow,
Forth went to sea th' unconscious maid.

'Twas late when, flound'ring o'er its surges,
The startled nymph awoke
Tho' struggling, she but half emerges;
Some briny god the current urges,
And laughing Tritons aid the joke.

A moment as she gazed around her,
Deluded by the view,
She smiled to see no heights that bound her,
And fondly thought to sleep the sounder
On waves that mirror'd skies so blue.

But o'er her bosom scarce had flutter'd
The plumes of ocean's breeze,
When from her lips the brine she sputter'd,
The plaintive word, she might have utter'd,
Reserved in vain for smoother seas.

Alas! th' unsparing wave effaces
Whate'er was most her own;
Of shape and name, of charms and graces
Remain but few, if any, traces,—
The very breezes seem to moan.

Yet time may come, with fav'ring weather,
When raised by noon's hot ray,
The far-dispersed shall come together,
And wafted light o'er copse and heather
Resume the Naiad's throne of spray.

Then free once more, the crescent's neighbour,
O'er mountain wilds she'll roam;
While mingling oft with pipe and tabor
Her voice shall cheer the peasant's labour,
And swell the strain of harvest-home.

KILLICRANKIE.

I.

KILLICRANKIE! name of dread,
Scowling o'er the torrent's bed;
Yet, methinks, on Scottish ear
Falling soft as beauty's tear!

Killicrankie! since thy day
What has time not swept away?
Who can point, and vouch it well,
Where Dundee expiring fell?

Still, what Athole child but knows
Where his mould'ring limbs repose
From the last victorious field,
Where his fate and fame were seal'd?

II.

Such the strait, where Persia's horde
Felt the dying Spartan's sword;
Such, where Austria's shiver'd yoke
Own'd the Switzer's fatal stroke.

All around, above, beneath,
Fearful as the shades of death,
Iron crags, or, dark as they,
Bristling firs, obscure the way.

Let not woman's youthful smile
Rashly tempt the dread defile;
Nature there hath rock and fell
Bound, as by a wizard's spell,—
None to hear, and none to tell!

Brave the *man*, whose lonely tread
Dares at noon that pass to thread;
Where the struggling waters boil,
Banner'd hosts might well recoil.

III.

Sons of Albyn's mountain land,
Yours the foot, and yours the hand,
Swift to pour with vengeance down
Where the steeps of horror frown.

Save the rush of Garry's flood,
There was silence when ye stood,
Grim as lions crouch'd for prey,
In the column's stern array;

There was silence,—till the word,
Keen as levin-bolt, was heard,
And the war-pipe's eagle scream
Fiercely rose o'er crag and stream;

IV.

Silence, yet more deep and wide,
When by lone Benvrachen's side,
Through the billowy vapours grey
Faintly dawn'd the morrow's ray.

Many a stone with carnage red,
Many a runnel heap'd with dead,
Many a matchlock, scatter'd round,
Mark'd the range of battle-ground.

Gael and Saxon, foes no more,
Each to each mute witness bore;
Lord of both, the raven flew
O'er their corses drench'd with dew.

V.

'Mid the wrecks of deadly strife
Moved not else a thing of life,
Save, perchance, some orphan maid,
Questioning the bloody plaid
O'er a breathless warrior laid.

Where was then the madd'ning shout?
Where the din of charge and rout?
Where the gleam of sword and lance?
Where the chieftain's fiery glance?

On thro' lands remote had pass'd,
Fame! thy clarion's lightning blast,—
Leaving, as the realm it swept,
Hearts that glow'd, and eyes that wept.

VI.

Long have torrent, wind, and rain
Bleach'd the battle's gory stain;
E'en the tears, from many an eye
Later wrung, have long been dry.

Yet the pall of anguish past
There its funeral folds hath cast,
While from each storm-riven peak
Seems a with'ring voice to speak.

Hark! it murmurs, like the moan
Issuing from the tempest's throne,
Ere the vault of darkness breaks,
Ere its flight the whirlwind takes.

VII.

"Voyager! whate'er thy need,
"Haste not on with reckless speed;
"Scenes, like these, sublimely wrought,
"Scenes with memory's wisdom fraught,
"Calm the soul, and raise the thought.

"Scots! on kindred dust ye tread!
"Saxons! here your fathers bled!
"Strangers! here the brave and free
"Made a new Thermopylæ!"

VIII.

Bleak is Albyn's ancient home;
Dark to those who lightly roam;
To the native mountaineer
Torrent, heath and mist are dear.

Not the meads, with harvest gay,
Where thy waters, lovely Tay!
Pure as at their highland birth,
Gliding, lave the walls of Perth;

Not the braes where wealthy Clyde
Rolls his commerce-laden tide;
Not the flood that kings approve,
Envied Thames,—his soul can move,
Seated deep in patriot love.

IX.

Though no more on Scotia's hills,
Lighting all her crystal rills,
High the ruddy sign of war
Blazes to the midnight star;

Though the billows Ocean pours,
Britain! round thy stormy shores,
Circling guard a peaceful land,
Clasp'd in one imperial band,—

Though in halls, renown'd of yore,
Rusts, undrawn, the broad claymore,
Still, where'er his sires have dwelt,
In the veins of highland Celt,
Oft beneath the huntsman's belt,
Throbs what Bruce and Wallace felt.

THE RELEASE.

WHEN flutt'ring Joy would fain away,
I thought by force to make him stay;
But soon he fretted on the chain,
And turn'd in very spite to pain:
Take then, said I, poor imp! thy flight;
'Tis sweet to rove on wing so light;
But now thy plumes are kindly freed,
Be grateful, and return with speed.

BLAIR ATHOLE.

RUSHING water! rushing water!
Yon fair lake's impetuous daughter,
Why so restless?—Why not tarry
In this vale of peace, young Garry?

Here, on uplands, nobly swelling,
Gleams the peasant's cheerful dwelling;
Here, unchill'd, th' autumnal air
Waves the lordly woods of Blair.

Soon, too soon, in Tummel's wave
Thou shalt find a nameless grave;
Nearer yet the pass of blood
Frowns upon thy tortured flood.

Here, then, ere they burst away,
Bid thy circling waters stray,
Till the wintry tempest's wrath
Lash them down their headlong path.

Here, sweet Athole's fertile glade
Smiles within th' embow'ring shade;
Here, unplough'd the western main,
Plenty cheers the highland swain.

MIRA.

THE moon, whose new-born crescent shed
Its softest beam on Mira's head,
When last, at eve, the lovely maid,
Tripp'd lightly down the chequer'd glade,
Tho' waxing fast, a crescent still,
Has more than half its or to fill :
But hark ! the deep-toned bell !
From yon grey ivied tow'r
Its slow and sullen knell
Booms with a frost-like pow'r.

As day recedes, the clouds hang low ;
Faint, mutt'ring breezes come and go ;

While o'er the freshly-open'd grave,
Where wild flow'rs, as in mock'ry, wave,
An aged sire, his thin locks bare,
Pours the last gaze of mute despair.
The crowd stands hush'd around ;
The coffin finds a tongue
In that cold, smother'd sound,
When dust on dust is flung.

'Tis o'er : and ne'er shall bridal wreath
Enclasp her brow that sleeps beneath ;
No more amidst the virgin throng
Her voice shall thread the maze of song ;
No more along the moonlight green
Her floating tresses shall be seen.
The raven flaps his wing !
The dead cry, "Sister, come !"
The weeds are rank that spring
To clothe her narrow home.

Sweet maid! thy fate commands our tears;
Yet death but speeds the work of years:
And o'er thy pall a thrilling word
Of comfort, hope, and joy is heard;
One heav'nly Father takes and gives;
We know that our Redeemer lives.
Corruption hath its term;
The grave shall yield its prey;
Thou, Christian heart, be firm!
There's conquest in decay.

VILLAGE BELLS.

COME! list with me yon village bells!
They bear my soul away
To that far land, where memory dwells,
And dreams are sweet as they;

Where still my childhood seems to own
A mother's fost'ring smile;
Where on my path no shade is thrown
By sorrow, fear, or guile.

Their revels, dancing on the breeze,
Now swell, and now subside,
Like murmurs from the fretful seas,
Or life's more restless tide.

The burst, that fills my ravish'd ear,
O'erstrains th' internal part;
And tones, as from a darker sphere,
Ring coldly round my heart.

Alas! the sweetest hours we taste
Are oft to sorrow near,
And Fortune drops, with cruel haste,
On Pleasure's wreath a tear.

Too well yon airy chimes renew
The lesson Time has taught;
They still are most to feeling true
When most with sadness fraught.

Their welcome bids the warrior sigh
O'er comrades left below!
They whisper, e'en when mirth runs high,
That hearts will cease to glow!

Again, like voices from the past,
They call my thoughts away;
Again do scenes, that fade so fast,
A transient gleam display.

In that soft light of happier hours,
My weary soul would rest;
But Fancy haunts in vain the bow'rs
By Youth no longer drest.

A BOUQUET FOR TAGLIONI.

LIVE there who spurn the dancer's mimic art,
Or deem it alien from the mind and heart?
Go, bid them see fair Taglioni move
To some light roundelay of joy and love.

She comes: a nymph, Canova's nymph, is there;
Th' æthereal step, th' inimitable air;
Such as with raptured thought his genius form'd,
By nature prompted, and by fancy warm'd.

She springs: no effort mars her graceful mien,
She seems by zephyr wafted o'er the scene;
Morn's youngest Hour, by Raphael's pencil drawn,
Thus floats in azure on the pictured dawn.

The feather'd cadence of her glancing feet,
That nimbly part, and musically meet;
Her waving arms, her eye's attemper'd fire,
That melts or brightens as the notes inspire,—
All, all, and more that language fails to paint,
Removed as far from licence as constraint,
A charm, like Beauty's maiden spell, diffuse,
And kindle raptures worthy of a Muse.

Oh! by those languid eyes, that sunny brow,
No Northern maid, sweet foreigner! art thou.
Of radiant climes in earth's wide range the first,
Italia bore thee, and the Graces nurst.
E'en ancient Hellas, starting from her trance,
Might hail thee goddess of the choral dance:
Such the deep pow'r of unaffected skill
That forces homage from th' enchanted will,
By harmless witch'ry gains a nation's love,
Nor wakes a thrill but reason may approve.

Yes! nature, taste, and modesty combine
To mould and chasten every step of thine;
Each varied gesture to the heart conveys
A sense of joy that murmurs into praise;
In every beauteous attitude we trace
The light of feeling and the soul of grace.
Till, charm'd that e'en the humblest of the Nine,
By bards and sages deem'd of yore divine,
Should reach an art that Virtue's self may own,
The cestus wear, nor yet unloose the zone,
We snatch the garlands that to Fame belong,
And justly crown thee with immortal song.

TRADITIONS OF SUTTON.

THREE hundred years!—yon aged oak
Had scarcely from its cradle broke,
When first the village chimes began
To measure forth the mighty span.
Yes! day by day, three hundred years
Have roll'd o'er human joys and fears,
And still this time-worn pile commands
Its old hereditary lands;
Still where in radiant youth it stood,
When Wolsey served a tyrant's mood,
Its hoary walls, at eve or dawn,
Stretch their deep shadows o'er the lawn.

In truth, grey Sutton! he that plann'd
Thy spacious court, and princely hall,
Must needs have own'd a bounteous hand,
And heart, that fear'd no courtier's fall.
Lo! such the thought, by fancy dress'd,
That fills the meditative breast.
As oft, between th' embow'ring limes,
Thy gabled roof, where ivy climbs,
Thy front with airy turrets crown'd,
And oriel-casements, mullion-bound,
Arrest the stranger's wand'ring eye,
Nor let him pass unheeding by.

Yet was he but a simple Knight
In bluff old Harry's train,
Who raised the mansion's lordly height
On Sutton's green domain.
Whate'er his wealth, but little claim,
It seems, had he to lasting fame;
Since nought of ancient lore avers
How Richard Weston gain'd his spurs.

'Tis better known that many a rood
Of meadow wash'd by Wey's dark flood,
Where Newark's priests long found a grave,
King Henry to Sir Richard gave.
Tradition adds,—alike for me
How true or false the tale may be—
That, e'en in gifts a tyrant still,
The Tudor show'd his haughty will,
And charged the Knight, with words of fear,
To build his house within the year.
By what strange aid, ere yet the sun
His annual course of light had run,
The mansion, broad and solid too,
Complete in fair proportions grew,—
Whether the Royal purse supplied
For nameless deeds a golden tide,
Or means were used, yet more unblest,
To speed the Donor's stern behest;—
'Tis certain that the finish'd pile
Did honour to Britannia's isle.

Grant that in many a modern seat
More classic taste and comfort meet;
Yet, Sutton, yet thy hall imparts
To pensive minds and feeling hearts
A tender luxury of thought,
At Stowe, or Blenheim, vainly sought.

E'en now, when Summer lights thy bow'rs
With all its glitt'ring host of flow'rs,
While borne on wing of noiseless speed
The martin skims thy shaven mead,
While notes of melody and love
Breathe rapture thro' the warbling grove,
And all, in myriad forms around,
Is revelry of sight and sound;
While o'er thy turrets, worn and grey,
The wall-flow'r, pink, and harebell stray,
Or catch the joyous morning breeze,
That wantons through the leafy trees;

Within my bosom's shrine I trace
The chast'ning spirit of the place ;
And thoughts, I would not chide away,
Are there of many a bygone day,
When other hearts, once kind and brave,
Now cold in some neglected grave,
Here felt the season's genial pow'r,
As mine in this its fleeting hour,
And oft, when nature round them glow'd,
With joy and gratitude o'erflow'd.

'Tis said that once in times of yore
To Sutton's gate a palfrey bore
The sceptred maid, whose glorious age
Can never drop from England's page.
A pillion, her equestrian throne,
A velvet pillion, still is shown,
And e'en the tap'ring beaver hat,
Which lightly on her forehead sat.

The court was then a square complete,
With towers to flank its central gate;
Yon eastern wing contained a suite
Of chambers meet for guests of state.
Those towers, that long, twin-giants, stood,
Far seen above the circling wood,
Have yielded to the pond'rous stroke,
Which slow their massive fragments broke;
And, where the gilded cornice shone
O'er high-wrought chimney-piece of stone,
And panels curiously inlaid
No unbecoming pride display'd,
Devouring flames,—unknown the hand,
If hand it was, that fired the brand,—
Have left but little for decay
To eat with nibbling tooth away.
Yet there, in spite of age and fire,
Enrich'd by many a dame and squire,
Who primly look from tarnish'd frames,
A pause the noble staircase claims.

Let Fancy wave her airy wand,
And choose of all the pictured band,
Whose ruffs and high-crown'd hats declare
Coeval birth, the honour'd pair,
Who saw their Royal Guest alight,
And led her up the stately flight!
Methinks, I see the manly Queen,
With piercing eye, and brow serene,
Her costly stomacher concealing
A Lion's heart, and Woman's feeling,
Commanding all things as her own,
Most zealous for her sex and throne.
On either side, with measured pace,
And pleased propriety of face,
The owners of this favour'd spot,—
How old, or young, now matters not,—
Obsequious walk—no beaver on—
She courtesying ever and anon,
Both wond'ring how their Roman creed
To earn such favour could succeed
In that, its hour of shame and need.

Behind, a train, with courtly air,
Of Lords and Knights and Ladies fair,
In silence move, or whisp'ring low
Observant glances round them throw.
Perchance an Essex or a Burleigh,
Or He, who died to fame too early,
Embalm'd with Europe's mingling tears,
Amid the glitt'ring throng appears:
The sadness on that youthful cheek
Might seem of Zutphen's day to speak!

Now shift the scene. Old Sutton's pile
Once more reflects a royal smile,
The smile of one, by justice sway'd,
In wars, in tumults undismay'd,
Whose equal hand maintain'd the laws,
Yet show'd, when firmest in their cause,
How Brunswick's heart for those could plead,
Who own'd a long-forbidden creed.
E'en now the good old Sire I view,
Attired in coat of Windsor blue,

The huntsman's cap his brow to clasp,
The huntsman's thong within his grasp,
And mounted, as a King should be,
Whom freemen serve with bended knee.
Thro' Sutton park the chase had led ;
He rein'd his gallant steed ;
The stately walls before him spread
Might not be pass'd at speed.
His purpose known, the bell was rung,
When straight, on lab'ring hinges swung,
The ancient gates were open flung !
And tenth,—it could not well be less,—
From those who greeted stout Queen Bess,
The last of Weston's lineal blood,
Before the British Monarch stood.

I speak not, nor was by to hear
Of proffer'd, or accepted cheer,
But well 'tis known, and fit to say,
That Weston to his dying day,

With warm remembrance loved to dwell
On all that from his Sovereign fell,
When fortune, and a fav'rite sport,
Led George the Third to Sutton Court.
And, later, when th' insulting foe
At England aim'd his deadliest blow,
When legions at their chief's command,
Encamp'd against our sea-girt land,
The grateful Squire, with loyal zeal,
Look'd only to his country's weal,
And, reckless of declining years,
Stepp'd forth amidst his rural peers,
Leader of Surrey's Volunteers.

Enough! 'tis sweet the springs to hail
Of patriot love, that never fail,
Whate'er the date, whate'er the clime,
Fruitful of thought and deed sublime.
Enough! with unreflecting strain
A theme so pure 'twere sin to drain;

Enough for me by one brief lay
The not unwelcome debt to pay,
That he to lonely Sutton owes,
Whose mind can banquet on repose.
Oh! could my verse, like theirs who bring
The waters, cool'd by zephyr's wing,
From old Castalia's haunted spring,
Confer the meed of bright renown,
And shine to distant ages down,—
Whene'er, as thickening years increase,
Time-honoured home of rural peace!
Thy walls, less wildly, freshly green,
The clustering ivy fail'd to screen,
Then should the Muse, with skill divine,
Her own celestial garlands twine,
And bid th' immortal verdure shade
Each rent by time or tempest made.

THE EAGLE AND THE LIZARD.

On Cairo's tallest pyramid,
From man's research by ages hid,
It chanced one day an eagle stood
Bathing in light's meridian flood:
Now quite erect with dauntless eye
He seem'd to pierce the brazen sky;
Now less sublimely round him gazed
With cow'ring beak and wings half-raised,
While far beneath, like some fair map,
Old Egypt spread her teeming lap,
And, riband-like, the wand'ring Nile
Encircled many a palmy isle.

Full of his own proud thoughts, the scene,
Where Rome's Dictator served a Queen,
Whence Athens, ere to pow'r it grew,
The seeds of heav'nly science drew,
And, greater still, by GOD'S command
Where Moses scourged th' affrighted land,
He from his time-worn post survey'd,
And deem'd the whole for eagles made,
The earth to view, the air to skim,
The pyramid a perch for him.

Thus self-dubb'd lord of earth and skies,
Conceive th' imperial bird's surprise,
When, partner of his royal seat,
He spied a lizard at his feet,—
A dull, insipid, crawling thing,
A snake in all but length and sting,
With four short legs, not all together
Worth half a sparrow's stint of feather.

The shock, it cannot be denied,
Was trying to an eagle's pride:
How could he best his wrath appease?
What say? What do?—the culprit seize,
And tow'ring o'er the craggy top
Of some good rock, just let him drop?
Or tear him piecemeal as he lay,
Unworthy of the noon-tide ray,
And satisfy with rav'nous beak
At once his hunger and his pique?
Two motives better seem'd than one;
An instant more it had been done.
But ere his talons' lightning stroke
Th' intruder's thread of being broke,
A flash of thought more rapid still
Rush'd in to check his murd'rous will;
And with a glance, that scarce said "live"
Half vengeful, half inquisitive,
He scream'd into the lizard's ear,
"Wretch! how the deuce did you get here?"

The lizard, startled by the sound,
As well might be, still kept his ground.
Life was at stake he plainly saw,
And flight how vain from such a claw!
So, wisely making up his face,
Distorted by a slight grimace,
He whipp'd his courage to the post,
And thus address'd his awful host:—
"'Tis yours, I know, this ancient height,
" By long hereditary right,
" And much, dread sir! am I to blame,—
" A worthless imp in shape and name,—
" For daring thus to place my feet
" Within your Grace's fav'rite seat.
" Nay, mighty Sov'reign! for the deed
" Had you adjudged me here to bleed,
" The doom, I must confess, tho' sharp,
" Would leave me nought at which to carp.
" How came I here? Alas! my Lord,
" You'd scarce believe your servant's word,

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" Were not that eye so keen to see
" How things most strange at times may be.
" No plumes have I whereon to soar
" Above the storm's terrific roar,
" No talons form'd by Jove to bear
" His thunderbolts aloft in air;
" But nature, not for me sublime,
" Has giv'n me feet just fit to climb.
" Step after step, uncertain, slow,
" With many a dizzy look below,
" At times despairing of my strength,
" Yet creeping, creeping on, at length
" I reach to my surprise the top,
" And there must be content to stop."

" Well!" cried the eagle with a stare,
" Tho' somewhat strange, your answer 's fair;
" No fear, when o'er the clouds I sail,
" To meet with lizard or with snail.

" But ere we part,—nay, you may live,—
" Observe the friendly hint I give ;
" To mount on aught but well-plumed wing
" At best is but a dang'rous thing.
" The foot may be alert and bold,
" But will the brain at all times hold ?
" E'en those who scale the peak, at last
" May reel beneath the mountain blast,
" Or on the summit chance to find
" A bird of less forgiving kind."

THE CONTRAST.

At sunset,—tho' to sight no sun went down,—
The heav'n's dark brows were gather'd to a frown ;
Cloud piled on cloud, in volumes huge and slow,
Roll'd lumb'ring on, and drench'd the world below.
Their ragged skirts the fitful lightning tore,
And rattling thunders drown'd the torrents' roar.
In vain our spirits chafed against the load ;
They shared the landscape's fate, obscured, o'erflow'd.
At length came sleep, that balm for every pain ;
But spectral fancies throng'd the teeming brain.

Foul hags, avaunt ! ill-omen'd dreams, away
Lift your damp wings, and flee the rising day.

What gleams, what tints salute our dazzled eyes,
As each broad window opens on the skies!
With night's dun vampire chased, no cloud is there;
Yon arch how deep! how keen th' elastic air!
Wild as Arabia's courser, bounding forth,
Unbridled sweeps the herald of the north.
Before him fly disease, despair, disdain;
Hope, vigour, rapture follow in his train.
Thought mounts in flame, and, all but heav'n defied,
On the free blast, careering, seems to ride;
The clear fresh mountain, spangled o'er with joy,
Responds in echoes to the goatherd's boy;
Light whirls the snow-dust round its summit hoar;
The lake's young waves come dancing to the shore;
From cave and cliff thy music, Nature! breaks;
In wav'ring hearts a nobler spirit wakes;
Each form distinct is eloquently felt,
Yet all harmonious in the bosom melt;
A wid'ning circle spreads with vision round,
And frolic Fancy clears the utmost bound.

What means this lavish pomp of sound and sight?
Without, within, these golden floods of light?
Why throbs my pulse in this transcendent hour,
As touch'd and chasten'd by a viewless pow'r?
Go forth, my soul! the scene is passing fair,—
Pierce yon blue vault, and read the answer there.

A HINT FROM RURAL LIFE.

A SIMPLE country lass was she,
To sense, to feeling true ;
She loved the brook, the sward, the tree,—
Whate'er her childhood knew.

Around her sire's sequester'd cot
The wild hills cluster'd high,
And few, that loit'ring mark'd the spot,
Pass'd on without a sigh.

The charms by nature there display'd
Her gentle presence crown'd ;
The calm, that reign'd in that sweet glade,
Within her breast was found.

They told her of a glorious place
Where all was rich and rare,
Where crowds adored the loveliest face,
And none than hers more fair.

They said where yon proud city stood,
Each meaner roof excell'd
The latticed home, tho' passing good,
Which all her treasures held.

Your words, the blushing maid replied,
Tho' strange, perchance are true;
Yet, were the flatt'ring vision tried,
My heart could only rue.

A peasant girl untaught to rove,
I seek no brighter lot,
Content to find the peace I love
Within my parents' cot.

A moss-clad thatch and trellised wall,
Where brier with woodbine meets,
Surpass for me the noblest hall
That tow'rs in yonder streets.

Ye smile; but think what grief were mine,
A baneful pride to learn,
At wants I feel not to repine,
And all I love to spurn.

I blame not those who sigh for town,
But soon their choice deplore;
Leave, leave me here my russet gown
And thoughts that crave no more.

THE RESTING PLACE OF THE "GREAT UNKNOWN."

In the sainted aisle, whose grey stones frown
On the turf bent greenly o'er him,
By his lost one's side they laid him down,
Where his fathers slept before him.

Never yet with Dryburgh's hallow'd earth
Came a nobler guest to mingle;
Never heart more rich in varied worth,
Or a gifted one more single.

But the voice, that charm'd, is heard no more,
And the harp's sweet chords are broken;
Tho' its quiv'ring notes yet proudly soar,
Of a deathless fame the token.

Look around!—how calmly, sadly fair
Is the minstrel's home of slumber,
Where the ruin'd shafts spring light in air,
Nor the holy ground encumber!

Where, on high, fresh leaves and wild flow'rs wave
In the dewy sunbeam glist'ning;
And the old bell-tow'r peers forth so brave,
Like an aged warder list'ning.

Come again, when autumn's twilight fades
In a fearful stillness closing;
When the dim tall abbey's deep'ning shades
On his grave are fast reposing:

Come, and watch the murmuring waters stray
As they breathe a mournful sweetness,
Like the flow of some heart-chast'ning lay,
When it lingers in its fleetness.

'Tis a lonely hour,—no comrade near,—
Not a sound but Tweed's wild rippling,—
And to fancy's eye may then appear
What would seem a pensive stripling.

For in boyhood oft, unmark'd, unknown,
It was here he loved to cherish,
By the crumbling shrine with moss o'ergrown,
A resolve, that might not perish.

And his soul's deep pledge was well redeem'd
As he rose in light unclouded,
Till the form, whence circling glory stream'd,
In the cold vault here lay shrouded.

In his glance a searching spirit dwelt,
On his brow no trace of weakness,
And his lip, whate'er the bosom felt,
Had a smile of noble meekness.

To the guest he gave his leisure's prime;
'Twas the refuse served for glory;
And a giant's march he stole on time
When his locks were thin and hoary.

In the moody hour, his thoughtful gaze
Over aisle and buttress stealing,
He would hail the Great of ancient days
With a deep and kindred feeling.

When his own blue hills inspired the shell,
What a holy strain ascended!
Of the hearts that own'd his wizard spell
Was there one untaught, unmended?

HELLAS.

At distance hail'd, before me rise
The rugged cliffs, renown'd of yore;
A mist bedims my gladden'd eyes,
And something from the heart runs o'er.

Foremost in all of war and peace,
Heir of a bright and matchless name,
Thou best may tell me, Land of Greece!
What fondness thus dissolves my frame.

Aloft on Sunium's column'd steep,
Methinks I see thy Genius stand:
Loose are his locks that backward sweep,
The spear of Pallas arms his hand.

That ardent brow and sunlit cheek
Some shades of ling'ring sadness chill;
But eye and nostril proudly speak
Of vows that time may yet fulfil.

He points to wave, to rock, to isle,
To where e'en now the wild bee roves;
And o'er his lip the curling smile
Of triumph, roused by memory, moves.

Tones of lost glory float around;
From nature's rudest forms they stream;
The glass lies shatter'd on the ground,
But all its sparkling fragments gleam.

Hellas! thy bosom, bleak and bare,
Heaves to the winds that o'er it rave;
Thy crags are oft the panther's lair,
The robber's hold, his victim's grave.

Thy floods, from wintry stores supplied,
Resist not summer's lengthen'd heat;
Along their banks no vessels glide,
But panting flocks in anguish bleat.

No forests crown the sea-girt heights,
Where breaks th' Ægean wave in spray;
There gale with gale for mast'ry fights,
And fiercer pirates track their prey!

Yet deem not rashly of the clime,
Where Bards have sung, and Sages taught
Where dreams were hallow'd, Art sublime,
And statesmen, as they counsell'd, fought.

A soft, yet thrilling charm, impress'd
By nature's finest touch, is there:
We trace it on the mountain's crest,
We feel it in the living air.

In beauty's line the landscape flows;
Plain, headland, bay, harmonious blend;
Love in the purpling ether glows,
And heav'n's unsullied lights attend.

Earth's too were there;—the Muse's flame;
The lamp of knowledge, clear and high;
The fire, no despot's wrath could tame;
The blaze of Wisdom's sun-like eye!—

Each height'ning each,—their radiance flung
Where Solon, Pindar, Cimon dwelt;
Where Plato's mystic lute was strung,
And all but Spartan hearts could melt.

Thou Land of Greece! whose earth-wide praise
In bondage kept thy children proud,
Nor doubtful acts, nor evil days
In darkness may thy glories shroud.

Forbid it, ye ! whose daring lips
The clarion notes of vengeance woke,
When, wallowing, lay in foul eclipse
Your brethren of the Turkish yoke !

And ye, who nursed, with kindred zeal,
The hope that long in silence grew,
Tho' strange to Greece, yet prompt to feel
As felt her sons, forbid it too !

No shame be yours ;—whate'er the wrong,
Whate'er of frailty stain'd its course,
The tide, that bore your cause along,
Had suff'ring's weight and virtue's force.

Oh ! could some voice of elder time
The vault of slumb'ring ages cleave,
From many a steep we rush to climb
For relics Greece alone could leave,—

Well, as of yore, might pæans greet
Your Hellas roused, your Hellas freed ;
E'en hearts, that long have ceased to beat,
Might, quick'ning, own the filial deed.

'Tis own'd by each immortal work,
To Greece from sire and son bequeathed ;
'Twas own'd by Europe, when the Turk
His dripping sword, reluctant, sheathed.

On glory's track, not clear'd in vain,
Thy broad foundations, Wisdom, lay !
When millions raise their choral strain,
Can aught the whirling chariot stay ?

A THOUGHT.

Oh! had he died
In the battle's pride,
For hearths and hearts beloved,
A patriot's fame
Might wreathe the name
Of a youth who wildly roved.

Still, in that hour
When grief has pow'r,
For him the tear will flow;
And long the one,
Whose joys are gone,
Shall nurse a hopeless woe.

A JEWEL FOR HEAVEN.

WHEN struggling thoughts no issue find,
And cares perplex the darken'd mind,
We seek a light that comes not there,
And turn to Heav'n in secret pray'r.

When shudd'ring o'er the gulph of Death
We hang suspended on a breath,
The soul, recoiling deep within,
Implores the pardon of her sin.

But should the pulse of youth beat high,
And rapture fill the sparkling eye?
Some bosom's frail yet blooming bow'r
Were heav'n enough for such an hour.

Let earthly hearts, when joy o'erflows,
But one sweet grateful thought disclose,
A seraph's wing the gem shall bear,
To shine in Heaven's own blessed air,
More precious than a martyr's prayer.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

A PAGE in Britain's story
Whereon my name may shine,
An hour of parting glory
Ere death's long night be mine.

Away!—'tis all delusion:
The best have but a spark,
That in the storm's confusion
Gleams on their shatter'd bark.

For one, whom conquest's billow
With Wellington lifts high,
On earth's ensanguined pillow
What nameless myriads lie!

When Nelson's broadside blazing
Scorch'd old Trafalgar's wave,
A shroud with nations gazing
Was all his earldom gave.

Tho' fluent lips ne'er falter,
Tho' genius spring at need,
On fell Ambition's altar
The noblest victims bleed.

Yon walls, where yet may linger
The sweetness of their lips,
Where Scorn's unhallow'd finger
Profanes not their eclipse;—

Yon aisles, where broken-hearted
They ceased the flood to stem,
Where foes no more are parted,—
Go, seek the truth of them.

For place or fame to struggle,
To serve the fools that give,
To loathe the heartless juggle
Whereby his minions live,—

The golden chain descending
From God's own starry throne,
And angel forms attending,
By him unmark'd, unknown,—

Behold! as glory's pinion
The heights of pow'r explores,
The lofty mind's dominion
Expanding as it soars,—

Behold! on crowds dependent
The gifted statesman's doom,
Now lord of heav'n's ascendant,
Now plunged in hopeless gloom.

So mounts a glitt'ring bubble
Dissolved in ether's tide,
Or blaze of chaff and stubble
Exhausted in its pride.

A SUGGESTIVE PICTURE.

HER fingers clasp the daintiest flow'rs
  Unbearded summer yields,
When morn leads forth the bashful hours,
  And zephyr robs the fields.

Yet on her brow there sits a thought,
  Abstracted, all but grave;
Something of deeper feelings wrought
  Than ever Flora gave.

What may it be that shades a cheek,
  Where youth unfading lies?
What guest, that wants but will to speak,
  Looks thro' her pensive eyes?

'Tis, haply, of that fleeting kind,
A sigh may puff away;
But if into the heart it wind,
A heart may rue the day.

SONNET.

FROM sea to sea, bathing two mighty lands,
Both mirror'd on the flood in rival pride,
Thy clear blue waters never-ebbing glide,
Plume-winnow'd Bosphorus! No mortal hands
Thy channel scoop'd; where Euxine's waste expands,
The cliff, self-riven, freed thy joyous tide;
And still, where yon grey altar, far descried,
Peers o'er its wave-girt rock, a witness stands.
There was thy beauty cradled; there at eve
The pale star dear to lovers bosom'd lay,
When that bold youth first dared the mists to cleave,
That curtain'd thy dark parents' fearful way,
Ere lost Byzantium yet had learn'd to groan,
Or Othman caliphs press'd her forfeit throne.

FORTUNES OF GENIUS.

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PART THE FIRST.

THE Cretan boy, who soar'd in youthful pride,
His sire at once the teacher and the guide,
On waxen pinions braved the shafts of light,
And paid with life a too presumptuous flight;
The fatal plumage strew'd his wat'ry tomb,
And Ocean still records th' untimely doom.
Methinks I hear the flutt'ring victim's cry,
The rush, the plunge beneath a parent's eye,
The flashing brine that open'd to receive,
And, closing, left no spot o'er which to grieve.

Or feign'd or true, the legend's moral strain
Forewarns ambition, but forewarns in vain.
Still raised on wings unequal to their task
In fame's hot noon the daring love to bask.

For one, who strives with well-proportion'd force,
Selects the haven and prepares his course,
Ten thousand, wedded to a vain delight,
And fool'd by speed, that mocks the gazer's sight,
Like rockets, fraught with empty fires, ascend,
Break into sparkles and in darkness end.

Not so, my Conrad, when the turn is thine:
Oh! train'd for nobler uses than to shine!
Like some brave soldier, most by peril warm'd,
Thy hand shall storm, and keep the fort, when storm'd:
Not so, when Genius by a master spell
Unlocks the stores of Nature's inmost cell,
Rears Truth on high, maintains of right the cause,
Nor makes a market of the world's applause.

How blest a world, the toil of thought how light,
Did virtue always with success unite!
But Heav'n, to genius as to love severe,
Oft checks the progress of a great career,

O'erclouds the hero's path, the sage's view,
Nor yields, unstrain'd, the prize to merit due.

Sweet babe, whose smile, from thy fond mother's knee
Reflects her joy with fascinating glee!
Awhile in fortune's urn yet slumbers, dark,
The lot reserved thy coming hours to mark;
But love, uncheck'd by doubt, her breast inflames,
And fancy gilds the wish affection frames.
What latent fires illume thine infant eye!
What destined honours call thee to the sky!—
Rest, child of promise, bathed in morning's beam,
Nor wake thy parent from her blissful dream.
Fain would she part with all that life bestows,
Its hope, its pride, its rapture, its repose,
Round that soft brow a glitt'ring wreath to bind,
On thee to fix the homage of mankind,
And hail, with eyes unsullied by a tear,
Her own loved boy the sun of glory's year.

But morn's bright hues, alas! too soon decay,
And gath'ring shadows blot the fairest day.

Yet dull were earth, if on the straining ear
Ne'er broke the sounds to bard and patriot dear,
Snatch'd from that viewless harp, whose thrill conveys
From age to age the quiv'ring tide of praise,
And oft in hearts, where pow'rs unheeded lie,
Tones the young thought for deeds that may not die.

Hail! bright effusion of creative flame,
Divine alike in origin and aim!
Greece, at thy bidding, dared of old to scan
With finer view the world's mysterious plan,
O'erleapt the bounds of earth's contracted ball,
Link'd orb with orb, and man, thro' God, with all.
Thine, radiant fount of science and of art!
The soul's clear vision and th' expansive heart,
Wit's magnet spell, the bard's impassion'd lay,
The warrior's glance, that sweeps whole ranks away,

The tones that vibrate on persuasion's tongue,
And all that gladdens age or fires the young.
Yes, godlike Genius! thine Castalia's dews,
Thine every gentle, every burning Muse;
Whate'er in marble lives, on canvas glows,
Or caught from heav'nly choirs, entrancing, flows.
Thine reason's clue, that tracks with golden thread
Each mazy path, where error loves to tread;
Thine wisdom's fount, whence peaceful nations draw
The sister streams of liberty and law;
To thee we trace, thro' many a year of strife,
The ties that bind, the charms that sweeten life;
Then wider fields, sublimer heights explore,
And through thy splendours Heav'n, who sent, adore.

Come, chaste companion of the lonely hour,
Thy locks enwreathed with Heav'n's immortal flow'r,
Come, in thy milder brightness, veil'd with grace,
The soul's emotion mantling o'er thy face;

Oft named, yet nameless,—come, inspire the rhyme,
Whose useful aims redeem the lapse of time!
Youth's pure deep springs thou never canst restore;
But truth decays not, and I ask no more.
Or muse or nymph, whate'er the minstrel's choice,
Familiar, angel, or celestial voice,
From earth and all its dross my spirit clear,
Breathe round it music from thy native sphere,
And with the sounds that artless charm impart,
Which wins by stealth, and sinks into the heart.

Ere dropp'd one grain of Time's allotted sand,
Ere ocean's wave yet roll'd from land to land,
The quick'ning germs, convoked to nature's birth,
Obscurely glimmer'd o'er the pregnant earth,
Till, spark on spark to one bright centre drawn,
The sun's keen eye shot forth along the dawn.
So pale a twilight, kin to gloom profound,
Long circled man, rude tenant of the ground.

Flung from his blooming home, where Eden smiled,
He pined in shades that arch'd the howling wild.
Fierce Nature craved; her wants debased the mind;
No room was left for aught of nobler kind,
Till some Prometheus, touch'd with pity, came,
And raised our smould'ring knowledge into flame.

Then bold Invention, turning all to gain,
Of arts and justice spread the calm domain;
With new-born zeal the grateful savage glow'd;
Love, wonder, confidence, his heart o'erflow'd.
He saw no tyrant in the general friend,
Nor grudged the sceptre wanted to defend.
Successive triumphs made the claim divine,
And man's frail guide usurp'd his Maker's shrine.

Thus stout Alcides, many a monster slain,
Drew clouds of incense round his honour'd fane.
Hence oft, when life was trembling to a close,
The suppliant's pray'r to Æsculapius rose.

Perchance yon master of th' unerring bow,
Who bade the lyre's full tide of numbers flow,
Was first some bright-hair'd youth of mortal race,
In soul a bard, a hero in the chase.

Had peerless Newton from Chaldæa's plain
Divulged the marvels of the solar reign,
'Mid shadowy wrecks of some remoter age,
A fabled god might now belie the sage,
And give to Europe, shorn of half its fame,
Some shapeless relic of his shrine or name.

What ancient art by sculptured forms express'd,
Unquench'd, tho' chasten'd, warms the living breast.
No heroes now the sacred altar share;
We mock not poor humanity with pray'r:
Nor, worse extreme! for blind devotion's sake,
Doom learning's glorious witchcraft to the stake.
But souls of lofty reach we still admire,
And hail the deed that proves their generous fire.

Mark those who soar beyond the vulgar flight,
And greatly vindicate their country's right :—
On them we show'r, as conqu'ring virtue glows,
Each valued recompense for lost repose.
See Valour, bursting thro' the battle's smoke,
Exhaust what Britain owes to hearts of oak!
See rival factions, awed by nature's doom,
Unite to rear the patriot statesman's tomb!

What stripling, master of a college theme,
But pants to realize his childhood's dream?
Entranced he seeks the bright ideal star
Napoleon saw, and worshipp'd from afar;
The buoyant fumes, his teeming brain that stir,
To fancy whisper he can never err;
And ah! too late his riper hours betray
The blighting philter of the Syren's lay.
Poor youth! impatient of his lowly fate,
He mars the useful, nor attains the great;

Or, haply, cursed with feelings too refined,
Like Cam's poor student, finds the soil unkind,
And stung by failure,—vain both toil and pray'r,—
From shame, sad martyr! rushes on despair.

Far happier they, by sweet contentment led,
The vale of peace and innocence who tread,
No duty miss'd, the daily round fulfil,
Nor sigh for aught beyond their Maker's will;
To whom should fortune, pow'r, or fame be giv'n,
It comes unwish'd for, as a trust from Heav'n,—
An awful trust, reserved for public ends,
Their country's welfare, and their country's friends.

But thou! whose pulses temperately beat,—
Unfelt the soaring thought's ecstatic heat,—
Say, blooms for thee alone yon primrose dell,
Where, link'd with love, the gentler virtues dwell?
How oft, when, toss'd on sounding pinions high,
Some gifted mind sees worlds beneath it lie,

The pride of triumph, clutch'd with falcon haste,
Unshared, unrivall'd, palls upon the taste!
Then memory stings, and round us float in air
Like summer clouds, as transient and as fair,
Scenes, where to childhood's ear all nature sang,
And the fresh life to meet her welcome, sprang.
Such thoughts, perchance, the race of greatness run,
No vulgar dupe from pow'r's enchantment won,
When proud Castile beheld th' imperial crown
Serenely barter'd for a friar's gown;
Or when the sated lord of eastern Rome
In sacred Athos found a hermit's home.
Not theirs in cavern'd rock, or cloister'd gloom,
The heart's young dream, and life's unfolding bloom,
But joy, like his, whom taunting foes release,
Hope plumed anew, and sanctifying peace.

With equal hand, unknown to earthly pow'r
Are poised on high the fortunes of the hour.

Untuned to pleasure, uncomposed for rest,
In mere satiety wealth sinks oppress'd;
In some vile haunt neglected beauty dies;
Immortal bards mount, starving, to the skies.
A blaze of conquest sets in dark defeat,
And statesmen perish by the fools they cheat.
A lot more blest does royal grandeur own?
Let France reveal the comforts of a throne.

Nay, shines there one with brilliant parts endow'd,
Whose inborn vigour spurns the gaping crowd,
For him the trench is dug, the toils are laid;
For him dull malice whets the secret blade.
One fears a master fatal to his ease,
Or worse, a rival born his age to please;
This dreads a champion for the cause he hates;
That fain would crush what shames his broad estates.
Leagued by their instinct each to each is sworn;
High on their shields the simp'ring fool is borne.

Nor blush their vilest, when the scene is closed,
To weep o'er Genius by themselves deposed,
To thrive on arts that proved th' inventor's bane,
And bridge with glory's wreck the swamps of gain.

Would this were all! but, lo! from every side,
If tempests rage not, treach'rous vapours glide.
Suns from their zenith point malignant rays;
A curse attends th' idolatry of praise;
To fame advanced, while new-fledged passions sway,
No feign'd enchantress makes the youth her prey.
Do nature's marvels tempt th' inquirer's art?
Around his brows destructive lightnings dart;
Or some wild iceberg drifts him far from land,
Where howls the blast, and fearful gulfs expand.

If nursed in fortune's lap no cares annoy,
And golden hours await thy hopeful boy,
The springs of thought, not braced by firm command,
Imbibe the softness of an air too bland.

Let pride inflate, indiff'rence sap the mind,
And aimless energy but sows the wind.

Away with privilege from glory's realm!
The seaman's practice fits him for the helm;
By self-restraint, by unrelaxing toil,
The day's contention and the midnight oil,
Must parts, though brilliant, prove their native claim,
And force a passage to the shrine of Fame.

Should One, whose fingers weave a coarser woof,
Condemn thy darling to a straw-built roof,
And round his cradle draw that viewless ring,
O'er which 'tis hard to crawl, more hard to spring,—
The circle pass'd, who creeping wins his way,
May, haply, prove how splendid parts betray;
While those who clear it with elastic bound,
Oft miss their aim, and, falling, strike the ground.

When conscious meanness weighs the spirit down,
A Bacon sinks below th' unletter'd clown.

When stumbles pride, or vain presumption fails,
A mortal damp th' aspirer's heart assails ;
Dragg'd from the mire, a public mark he stands,
While Shame unmans him, and Derision brands.

Such ills, and more that authors, artists knew,
Ere just opinion gave to each his due,
That still in feeling, spite of outward show,
Thy bastards, Genius ! may be doom'd to know,—
Fierce pangs, that find no voice, but inly seal'd,
Eat, vulture-like, a heart too proud to yield,—
The sense of wrong, that, quick with morbid life,
Gives man the viper lot of endless strife,—
The big desire, in bounds too narrow pent,
That grows, and aches, and struggles for a vent,—
Fame's morning promise, shrivell'd in the bud,—
Bright hopes extinguish'd in the sweeping flood,—
Hard fortune's gale, that baffles toil and skill,
Despite the mind's unconquerable will,—

A worthless rival's undeserved success,
The foul suspicion and the false caress,—
Beset his path, who claims the sacred gift,
And fain would mount, when no kind breezes lift;
Nor less a withering shadow cast on those,
Who soar too high, or hateful truths disclose,
In whose lost light and ever-silenced lips,
Art, letters, science feel their own eclipse.

Look, what a hell of many wards is here!
What woes, by contrast form'd the dunce to cheer!
How much to madden him, who strains, and strains
To heave the stone that mocks his weary pains!—
Madden, ay madden, when the mind, o'erwrought,
Groans on the rack of one remorseless thought
Or, dead to every want, to every aim,
Retains of manhood but the voice and frame
Conceit and Genius meet, like shipwreck'd foes;
O'er each, o'er both, oblivion's wave may close!

E'en names, that bide its oft-repeated shock,
Heirlooms of Fame, engraven on the rock,
May steal from Pity's eye the swelling tear,
When memory tells who proudly bore them here.
Swift, Tasso, Cowper, circled each with bays,
Distinct by clime or age, tho' join'd in praise ;—
Join'd too in fate, when reason's arch gave way,
And genius, crush'd, in stifling ruins lay.
Sure, we must weep, when some bright child of art,—
In what from earth has Bedlam not a part ?—
When some bright child of science or of song,
Stripp'd of that sense which winnows right from wrong,
With Buckland dies of learning on the brain,
Or lives with Dadd, a Guido and a Cain.
Yes, weep o'er Bristol's poor deluded boy ;—
Oh ! that such gold should mix with such alloy !
Weep too for Pascal, who with angels dwelt
Till thought was darken'd, and the darkness felt !

FORTUNES OF GENIUS.

PART THE SECOND.

WHAT youth, whose fiery gaze and pallid cheek
At once of genius and of sorrow speak,
Alone, the brush and pallet in his hands,
With eager haste before a fresco stands?
In silence mark: no willing task he speeds,
A moment's flaw, and Leonardo bleeds!
It comes, the hour of dread: behold! the door
Expanded swings, and numbers throng the floor.
No heart, while trembling yet the balance hung,
But throbb'd for one so gifted and so young.
Brief the suspense: a murmur of applause,
Unbought, unbidden, makes the tyrant pause.
His pride relents, a people's thought he shares,
And one kind look the deep-felt wrong repairs.

But Art, not Pow'r, a full requital gives:
In scowling Judas, lo! th' accuser lives.

How few, like Davy, rise with buoyant force,
From stage to stage, thro' life's ascending course,
Denied the stores of fortune at their birth,
To shine more brightly from inherent worth;
By forms untrammell'd, unseduced by gold,
To conquer science, and its laws unfold,
In manhood's dawn,—oh! merit rare in age!—
To match the proudest names on glory's page,
And owe the rank, e'en rival wits approve,
To just renown and woman's generous love.

Let not the partner of his life and name
Unhonour'd pass along the walks of fame.
A heart, a soul, a quick discerning mind,
Less by the shelf than by the world refined,
A social pow'r, a sympathetic tone,
And truth's endearment, best to friendship known,

Look, word and act, that kindly thoughts convey,
Still keep us hers, and stretch beyond their day.

Oh! poor of thought, who deem the gentler sex,—
Tho' trifles lure them oft!—and sometimes vex,—
Too light for science, for command too kind,
Slaves of the heart, and best to home confined.

Their genius, true, is most in feeling shown;
Like flow'rs, their virtues may be too much blown;
But where the court by woman's mind unsway'd?
What Numa's code without th' Ægerian maid?
Unfit for pow'r!—Consult th' historic Muse:
Eliza, Mary, Cath'rine,—there's to choose.
Did sceptred ladies never rule of old?
Who snared great Julius, and his colleague sold?
Had Greece no meaning when a form divine,
The form of Woman, rose on Wisdom's shrine?
And thou, bold Empress of th' Assyrian race!
Are all thy conquests myths, without a base?

Did not the lyre, that burn'd in Sappho's hand,
Far wider space in glory's realm command?
Did not Aspasia's tongue seduce the man,
Whose words with lightning blaze o'er Athens ran?

Array'd in beauty, Genius wears a charm
That well might envy lull, and hate disarm;
Yet Grey's pure life-blood flush'd the headsman's steel,
And vain, fair Roland, was thy last appeal.

Intent the plough to guide, with thoughtful mien,
On Scotia's hills a peasant lad is seen.
His sturdy hands the lengthen'd furrow form,
With more than youth his mantling cheek is warm;
And oft he turns aside the glitt'ring share,
His land's dear symbol in its bloom to spare;
Or should some patriot name exalt the song,
Pours with like fire a kindred strain along.

At home, the day's protracted labours o'er,
He sits attentive to a father's lore,
Or cheers with ready mirth the simple fare,
Or, kneeling, joins in sweet domestic pray'r.
Yet, ever and anon, his full dark eye,
Where softly cradled love and fancy lie,
Roves, tearful, upward, as in search of more
Than Fortune scatters on a rustic floor.
Tis heard, that sigh; he turns the winning card,
And Fame and Fashion seize the youthful bard.
Caress'd by beauty, courted by the great,
He rules society, and dines off plate.
Illusive dream! a year of wonder past,
The tide, that flow'd so bravely, ebbs as fast.
Imperious wedlock calls the vagrant back,
While new-born wants his goaded spirit rack.
A welcome guest, the midnight bowl he plies;
Ere long the Muse's flame extinguish'd dies;
And Burns,—the sweetest name that Memory breathes,—
Its dear-bought glory to th' Excise bequeathes.

In times more distant, in a land more bright,
With tube that swept the starry vault of night,
Etruria's sage, uncheck'd by vulgar awe,
Of Heav'n's deep wonders read the mystic law,
And track'd with raptured eye yon rolling spheres,
Harmonious, wafted on the flight of years.
Tho' clear that master-mind, the world was dark,
And vengeful bigots kept the sacred ark.
Truth glared on them, as light on birds of shame,
Their only skill to damp th' aspiring flame,
And wrest from man the treasures God reveal'd
As genius probed the depths to folly seal'd.
But did not rev'rence hush the yelping brood,
When one so mighty in their presence stood?
When Galileo, captive and immured,
Shone, like a beacon, by the storm obscured?
Oh! base their triumph, brief their wretched joy
To crush the lamp, nor yet the flame destroy!
Tho' trembling age abjured what Science taught,
Truth found a refuge in the crypts of thought.

Who saves an empire may but earn the hate
Of those he rescues from impending fate.
This Latium's better sons were doom'd to feel;
This, later, plunged in Waldstein's heart the steel.
See brave Sobieski from his mountain post
Rush, like a torrent, on the Moslem host,
The mound, the camp, th' opposing lines o'erleap,
And all before him to the rampart sweep!
Down goes the Crescent,—vain are sword and lance,—
The proudest viziers shun a Christian's glance.
Their flight, with joy subdued by doubt and awe,
Thy pale inhabitants, Vienna, saw;
Around their great deliv'rer, weeping, throng'd
Nor fear'd that God might by his praise be wrong'd.
Could one sad brow in such an hour be found,
Strange, if that brow th' imperial circlet bound.
As slow to pay, as prompt the debt to share,
A sceptred hand disclaim'd the sceptre's heir.
Alas! nor conquest's right, nor valour's charm
Could wring from jealous pow'r its mean alarm:

Cold was the welcome of so rare a guest;
The monarch flouted whom the people blest!

Perchance, whole years of labour to requite,
A sunset gleam may gild the west with light;
Or life may sink, by fatal shades o'ercast,
Just when the goal, long-sought, is reach'd at last!
Should fate a term less rudely closed ordain,
What baser links extend the golden chain!
How black with white in chequer'd contrast lies!
How still more hard to keep than win the prize!

Alas! for Genius, in its pride of place,
Like some fair statue, shiver'd to the base!
Alas! for Virtue, by the whirlwind's gust
Torn from its roots and with'ring stretch'd in dust!
Alas! for Britain's glory, and the star,
That, once by millions hail'd in peace and war,
Now pale, and glimm'ring o'er the vaults of death,
Sheds a faint ray on Canning's funeral wreath!

Oh! blest with all that ever statesman graced,
Wit, wisdom, eloquence, and classic taste!—
A truthful soul, that left not unfulfill'd
Aught prudence sanction'd, or clear honour will'd;
Creative fancy, reason's art refined,—
The twin-born handmaids of a master mind,—
Perception keen, and never wearied zeal
To mould each talent for the public weal,—
What foe to Britain struck thee from the helm,
How watch'd the guardian spirit of the realm,
When pow'rs like thine, oh! ever-honour'd shade,
All thy rich thought and generous heart display'd,
In pain were quench'd; nor love nor art could save
Our ablest, brightest from an early grave!

What name to Genius and the Muses dear,
More proud than Byron, fills the captive ear?
Alike by fortune and by nature blest,
Wit, beauty, wealth, and titles he possess'd.

With what mild scorn his beaming eye survey'd
The fair idolaters his fame had made!
How, with his dark and crispèd locks enlaced,
That broad clear brow the minstrel's wreath embraced!
His were the lips that awed each festive board,
And his the mien by female hearts adored.
To earn his gaze the maiden ceased to dance;
How dull the rout not lighten'd by his glance!
All ranks to him the laureate wreath assign'd;
E'en rivals own'd him of superior kind.

Alas! how changed, when life, too fast enjoy'd,
Ebb'd from its source and left the bosom void;
When home to one by passion's witch'ry stirr'd
Became a flat uninteresting word:
And, stung to madness, he beheld in those,
Who blamed or pitied, a cabal of foes!
How more than changed, when far from Albion's shore,
Where first his half-fledged Muse had learn'd to soar,
Far from his loved hereditary hall,
Far from the child that held his soul in thrall,

Self-banish'd victim of a wayward mood,
Condemn'd for self to live, on self to brood,
His tuneful woes in foreign climes he nursed,
And lavish'd glory on the land he cursed;
Till, roused to darings of heroic strain,
He plough'd with lonely bark th' Ionian main,
And found in youth, where bleeding Hellas fought,
A death less welcome than the fame he sought!

Tho' sad these tales, nor yet more sad than true,
Far worse the doom coeval Genius knew,
When Terror's flag, on which 'twas death to look,
Its hideous folds o'er prince and people shook.
When rav'ning Conquest wash'd the tide of blood
From streaming scaffolds with as red a flood;
And last, when Fortune, with a wanton's smile,
Fann'd Glory's blaze to fire its fun'ral pile.

If, haply, sailing up the stream of time,
We seek an earlier age, a purer clime,

The same vicissitudes, in form unlike,
Start from their records and as morals strike,
The tale less mournful, tho' its course be rude,
Which storms begin and sunny hours conclude.

A wayworn stranger, on whose brow of light
Sat Genius, like an eagle roused for flight,
With one fair lad, before a convent's gate,
In Spain alighted, when the hour was late,
And begg'd—nor vainly begg'd—with noble air,
Such frugal aid as weary pilgrims share.

In silent watch, beneath the midnight star,
On ocean's verge, from every ship-track far,
That lordly brow, unclouded by a fear,
Held, westward held, its resolute career;
And, Godlike, hush'd the clamours of the deck,
When hate was rife, and hope itself a wreck,
When calms and weeds the struggling keel delay'd,
And faith a last appeal to avarice made.

In want, in danger, what sustain'd his mind,
And made Columbus foremost of his kind?
'Twas that mysterious voice which inly spoke,
That heav'nly gleam which o'er his vision broke;—
'Twas ardour kindled by the noblest flame,
And bright foreboding of a deathless name.
Oh! ne'er of either cup, by Genius quaff'd,
Did sage or hero drain a deeper draught!
Neglected, mock'd, incarcerated, chain'd,
His native majesty he still retain'd;
Whate'er the burthen, rose beneath its weight,
And forced e'en kings to own him as their mate.

True, many a load of grief and wrong he bore;
But happier moments cancell'd all the score.
The shouts of "Land!" the tumult of success,
The thought of millions call'd that hour to bless,
The proud return, when flag on flag unfurl'd,
And bell to bell proclaim'd a new-found world,

The glist'ning tear from beauty's eye that stole,
His country's pride,—that secret of his soul,—
Nor least, a generous Queen's approving smile
Past woes redress, and age and care beguile.

Such might is thine, and, Genius! such thy meed,
When strong in faith, from all delusion freed,
In Heaven's good hour, while favouring stars consent,
To some high task thy well-train'd powers are bent.
Then doubts recede, then difficulties yield,
Then facts are traced, and secret laws reveal'd,
Till Truth, a captive, from the last retreat
Proclaims her power, and triumphs by defeat

Yet none so gifted but they still depend
On public judgment, and to that must bend.
The boldest Muse can ill with praise dispense;
The wit that dazzles is but finer sense.

Whoe'er thou art, to whom in life's career
Is giv'n the strength to pass each swift compeer,
Not for thyself, in vanity or pride,
Not for the triumph, be that strength applied.
Lo! God confers it, and to Him alone
Its cost, its merit, its results are known.
On earth the strongest, in their happier mood,
Are but His agents for appointed good,—
Trustees, selected from the sons of dust
By One who glories in the name of Just,
Who marks the single talent well employ'd,
And frowns on wealth for mere self-ends enjoy'd.
Hearts, touch'd by Him, the streams of kindness pour,
As from that rock divinely cleft of yore,—
Untainted streams, whose crystal waters flow
Through the parch'd lands of human vice and woe.
Thus, arm'd with mercy, Howard tore the veil
From nameless horrors of the loathsome jail;
And thus the negro's friend, with angel voice,
Bore high that cause which bids the poor rejoice;

Nor less, tho' earthlier motives haply sway'd,
Was Heav'n's good care for Britain's weal display'd
When yon bold lawyer's fulminating tongue,
Flakes, not of snow, o'er startled benches flung,
And shook from many a learn'd or pious trust
Corruption's blight, and time's devouring rust.

Go, side with mercy, strike for truth or right,
Search deep for knowledge, or in arts delight,
The mere attempt a grace to failure lends;
What praise, what glory on success attends!

Luther at Worms, before th' Imperial chair!
Oh! what a pauper, rich in faith, was there!
Recant! not he!—a word, a sign might break
The slender thread which held him o'er the stake;
But God, not Cæsar, fill'd his dauntless mind;
The crown *he* wore was not to be resign'd.

From Tweed to Clyde how deep the nation's gloom,
When Scotland's champion met a felon's doom.
His genius sank not on the luckless field;
Thy scaffolds, Edward, all its depth reveal'd.
More, Fisher, Wentworth, firm alike in will,
Paid one same debt on London's fated hill.
See Ridley burnt, and Milton slander'd down!
See Raleigh martyr'd by his own renown!
Alas for wit that spreads too proud a wing,
Whoe'er the tyrant,—Mob, or Church, or King!

Navarre's good Prince by famine scorn'd to reign;
His pity conquer'd on the banks of Seine.
See dying Sydney pass the draught he needs
To some poor soldier, who beside him bleeds.
Blest in their genius both our love command;
Theirs the large heart, and theirs th' heroic hand.
But happier far, tho' lost too soon, the youth,
Who gain'd no kingdom, and abjured no truth.

Oh! what a life-long toil of old was crown'd,
When, mad with joy, the dripping sage cried "*found*,"
And street on street—each idler asking why—
Responsive rang in echoes to the cry!
Oh! think what rapture, in a later age,
Thrill'd Harvey's mind,—himself a heav'n-led sage,—
When first he traced, whate'er its mystic source,
The vital current circling in its course,
And gave to science, like some new-found ore,
A realm unknown, and scarcely guess'd before.
So Raphael's pencil shaped, as fancy bade,
The faultless line with glowing tints array'd.
So Music's wizard drew th' enchanted heart
Thro' all the mazes of his tuneful art.
To each on earth was giv'n too brief a date;
But Glory claim'd them, and o'ermaster'd Fate.

At times, where first their gushing rills were freed,
In grove or grot, the wat'ry springs recede;

But, changed the source, or quicken'd from below,
Again they sparkle, and again they flow.
Nor, Genius! less thy founts, tho' rarely dry,
Now faint and low, now leaping to the sky,
Refresh the weary lip, that stoops to drink,
Or charm and dazzle, as they rise and sink.
Have we not seen in these our later days,
How bright, how strong the shifting current plays?
'Tis no fond dream, no vain conceit: the fires,
Heav'n lends to man, survive our mortal sires.
Not less in ours than their extinguish'd days,
May living genius catch the living blaze.

In art, in song, in science, arms, and lore,
Where lacks the wit that was our boast of yore?
Tho' tears have trickled o'er Macaulay's shroud,
Have we no writers left to charm the crowd?
Why gleams the bust on many a trophied hill?
What mean the praises shower'd on modern skill?

What age, what land was ever blest like ours
With rare inventions, and unbounded pow'rs?
What once were trams are lengthen'd into rails;
Steam and the screw usurp the place of sails;
Unaided hands no longer thrash our crops;
Gas, more than noon, illumes our world of shops;
Horsed on the lightning rushes soul to soul,
And wires have life, where oceans o'er them roll:
By such proud arts are link'd the varied climes;
In these we hail the spirit of the times.

FORTUNES OF GENIUS.

PART THE THIRD.

As progress, impulse, force,—whate'er you will,—
In Nature's aid o'ercomes each passing ill,
The social mass, to instinct ever true,
With sense and feeling couple genius too.
Alert or dormant, peaceful or at strife,
There breathes and works a generating life;
But fair occasion must with time conspire
To wake the seed and nurse the latent fire.

From Shakspeare's home, from Milton's converse torn,
By faith, by hope, beyond th' Atlantic borne,
Exiles in act, but England's still in heart,
Thy sires, Columbia, play'd no vulgar part.
For greatness mark'd, of British nerve the heirs,
Inglorious strife and drudgery long were theirs.

Around their huts the vengeful Indian yell'd;
Their ceaseless strokes the woodland giants fell'd;
Years roll'd on years, as leaves on leaves were laid,
Ere one coy Muse a western love repaid.

Helvetia's crags, where echoing deeds resound,
By letter'd hands with scanty wreaths are bound.
Thro' all her dreary steppes and endless coast,
In mind's dominion what can Russia boast?
Behold, for conquests wrung from Swede and Turk,
One bard, one painter, one historic work!
Yet time may come when her melodious tongue,
By freemen utter'd, and for rapture strung,
To every Muse shall softer accents lend,
And bring Siberian horrors to an end.

Scarce waked by Roman, Saxon, Grecian lore,
And proud to glean where Tyre had reap'd before;
Her dow'r what Alfred, with prophetic zeal,
Had stored for time, to blunt the Norman's steel,

E'en Britain slowly, darkly groped, her way,
Till Wickliffe taught, and Chaucer pour'd his lay.

Mind wars with matter, deadly the debate,
Deep are the stakes, and deeper still the hate:
Whiche'er the flag that latest holds the sky,
Man's earthly fate takes colour from its dye.

Lo! Nature seems to spurn the bonds of law,
Confounds with wonder, and o'erwhelms with awe
How more than vast! how terribly sublime!
Hope's pinion falters; Genius dares not climb;
In youth's bold heart the living tides retreat,
And Reason crouches at some idol's feet.
The boundless jungle, the ground-shaking flood,
Hurl'd into gulphs, whose horrors freeze the blood;
Crag piled on crag beyond the straining sight;
The roar of monsters raging in their might;
The toppling iceberg, shunn'd with breathless haste,
The dire tornado, and the blazing waste,

Stand out, like demons fired with hellish wrath,
To blast our pride and bar the forward path.

But climes we know where gentler spirits reign,
And temper'd gales refresh the sultry plain.
Here scenes of grandeur, e'en the grandest, raise
Our creeping thoughts to gratitude and praise.
Here those, who limit not by sight their course,
May strive with Pow'rs that wield no blinding force;
And Art's free sons may ply the sage-taught hand,
Learn the great Will, obey it, and command.

Ye genial shores, that clasp yon briny lake,
Whose tideless waves in crested azure break!
Ye flow'ry vales, ye rocks with verdure crown'd!
Thou fruitful stream, for arts and creeds renown'd!
Thou sacred land, where saints and prophets trod,
Where Gideon fought, and Moses talk'd with God!
Ye cities, typed in Athens and in Rome,
The Muse's cradle, and the freeman's home!

And ye, proud marts! where Commerce first unfurl'd
Her canvas wings, o'ershadowing half the world!
Whate'er of wealth or pow'r, of wise and great,
Links golden Colchos with th' Herculean gate!
Ye tell by signs, no change can e'er efface,
How kindlier Nature aids our fallen race;
While urged by wants, that fix the wav'ring choice,
Her shiv'ring stepsons echo back your voice.

Soon may it come, the fast-approaching hour,
When, arm'd with all that knowledge gives to pow'r,
Invention, art, and more,—that gentle creed,
Which lifts the slave and trains the furious steed,
Thy children, Europe! from whatever soil
Best nerves the heart for deeds of generous toil,
In climes untamed their triumphs shall repeat,
And Heav'n's grand scheme of circling Love complete.

Blest Hope! whose Iris spans the crimson way,
When Wisdom, throned on conquest's track, bears sway;

When Law's clear voice on Hoogley's shore is heard,
Nor gold alone, but duty is the word.
Isle of the Saxon race! 'tis thine, 'tis thine
To make the social arts for glory shine;
To bridge the torrent, speed th' electric wire,
Join distant floods, repress the bigot's fire,
O'er mountains, heap'd with more than Alpine snow,
Bid streams of commerce, fertilizing, flow;
And teach by fountain, hospital, and school,
How Time speaks out, and Christians ought to rule.

Should no great spirit rise in hour of need,
To cope with danger, and the nation lead,
A people's courage on itself relies,
And thousands rally where no standard flies;
The common motive forms a common aim;
All hearts ferment and break into a flame.
Thus, when the world was young, from East and North,
As want, or envy stung, the swarms went forth.

Thus English keels the realm of ocean won;
Thus peaceful arts pursue the setting sun;
Thus millions join the "least of seeds" to spread
Where silence tends the lonely Niger's bed;
And kindred hands Australian harvests reap,
Or all from Indus to the Ganges sweep.

Alas! that Heav'n's best gift, the heart's true flame,
Which, train'd and guided, moulds the social frame,
By passion fann'd, or wing'd with lawless force,
Should burst the limits of its useful course,
And raging wild, where'er it finds a prey,
Leave nought but smould'ring brands to mark its way.
Goth, Tartar, Hun, the Norseman and the Turk,
Each, in his day, takes up th' avenging work.
Fell, as the vulture's swoop, the lava's flood,
They drive o'er all and sink the land in blood;
The blooming prospect withers, as they spread;
Behind them lies the stillness of the Dead;

Time seems to turn his stream in horror back;
If life survive, 'tis life upon the rack:
Heav'n sees the good that teems in secret there;
Man's only guests are ruin and despair.

On single worth, when clear its right, Renown
Confers the palm and ever-during crown.
Who first the purple clusters taught to flow,
First rein'd the steed, first bade the harvest grow,
Recorded long, the stroke of time defies,
And shines, scarce dimm'd, thro' fable's thin disguise.
In vain would base pretenders cheat the crowd;
Man's true instructors pierce the sun-raised cloud.
Press, compass, telegraph, the clock, the lamp,
With countless trophies of a kindred stamp,
Each binds on each the proud award of Fame,
Be Franklin, Faust, or Stephenson the name.
Tho' some, like double stars, confound their rays,
And lost are others in too wide a blaze,

Most, as on rocks uplifted, singly grand,
O'erlook the world and all its praise command.

Oh! thou whose promise tints the morning air,
Be health thy treasure; of excess beware.
On finest nerves the soft'ning passions glow,
And fine the chord that strains Apollo's bow.
Let truth, let knowledge, not to books confined,
Let great examples feed thy growing mind;
Let warm benevolence thy heart expand,
For useful arts be train'd thy docile hand;
Drive Superstition's baneful mists away,
And walk in truth as Heav'n brings on the day.
Be great by making great: whom ruins raise,
At best deserves the crafty bankrupt's praise.
The hand that shrank when Grecia's lyre went round,
Turn'd small to great, and there its glory found.
Be great by goodness: should a crown be thine,
In every gem let Arthur's spirit shine;

If base thy lot,—in toil, in woe serene,
A kindly brow may cheer the rudest scene.
Be great by goodness,—great and good are one,
Their source in heav'n, their type th' all-giving sun:
With reverent love their presence here we own,
Mirror'd, how chastely! from a woman's throne.
While things, of old revered, claim due respect,
No lawful change with hasty scorn reject;
Learn from the past that nought on earth endures,
That timely progress best our weal secures.
So right, unshaken, rest upon its base,
Tread the bold line 'tis wisdom's part to trace.

In camp, in senate, as in art and song,
The voice of time can ne'er be stifled long;
Who shut their ears, and plodding, as at school,
Would rather fail than wander from the rule;
Who, on some light advantage take their ease,
Nor crowd all sail to keep the fav'ring breeze;

For them no golden gates are open flung,
No chaplets twined, no hymns of triumph sung.

How great was Nelson, to the signal blind!
How great the Prussian, whom no rules could bind!
How great Napoleon, when with lightning stroke
He cleft the battle and its centre broke!
How greater still, on Agincourt's red field,
Where his thinn'd ranks seem'd all but doom'd to yield;
The dauntless chief, who, "every inch a king,"
Snapt ere it closed the foeman's deadly ring,
And taught how men, resolved to win or die,
May smile at hosts, and all their pomp defy.

Tho' toil and age had roughly sear'd his brow,
Art's noblest vet'ran kept his youthful vow;
Ascending still where loftier summits frown'd,
At each new step a brighter path he found.
Oh! world of marvels! oh! thou matchless dome,
Prints of his soul, ye crown'd immortal Rome!

Nor only crown'd those tow'rs which time subdue,
But made the hand that crown'd immortal too.

Can we not find in Empire's milder zone
A land where freemen reap and guard their own?
Where wealth and titles bend before the law,
And priestly cunning stands, itself, in awe?
Where Science plants for ages yet unborn,
And names, that veil to none, her shrines adorn?
Let Genius there, on plumes of eagle flight,
Unhooded, spring to reach the source of light;
Or, bee-like, hive the wealth boon nature yields
In earth's wide range or heaven's star-spangled fields.

Its range tho' boundless, and its birth divine,
Land of my heart! be still the guerdon thine.
No soil, 'tis true, a vested right can hold
In native genius of the perfect mould.
From Avon's ooze could Fancy's child be wrought?
Could Theban air refine a Pindar's thought?

Homer was born, but who can tell me where?
Thy victim, Florence! left the world his heir.
Sure, minds so godlike snatch a heav'n-born grace,
Apart from clime, or ancestry, or place;
Sure, works like theirs, of pure ethereal tone,
Belong to space, and fade with time alone.
Yet would the Muse abate no jot of fame,
That England, rich in various worth, may claim.
Let every jewel sparkle round her throne;
Let Alfred, Shakspeare, Watt, be all her own.

With passion loved, by sober thought approved,
Nor less by reason than by feeling moved;
Not foremost always, but in purpose strong,
And when deluded, ne'er in error long;
Tho' crown'd with all that arts and arms bestow,
Thy views enlarging as thy triumphs grow,—
Tho', like yon orb, whence planets learn to roll,
Of kindred spheres the light, the guide, the soul,—

To thee,—may Heav'n permit such ruin late !—
Yes, e'en to thee must come the word of Fate.
Oh ! doom that proves, as shudd'ring instinct tells,
How deep in all of earth destruction dwells !

Yet from decay's broad lap for thee shall spring
Fresh pow'rs of good on time's expanded wing.
Hope grafts the stem, when earlier blooms have died ;
His crown's succession is the monarch's pride ;
Transmitted life, tho' changed in form and name,
Is one in essence with the parent frame.

On, on, still on, where long with beasts of prey,
The godless savage, scarce distinguish'd, lay ;
Where isles of Eden gem th' unruffled seas,
Or sea-like pools reflect th' inverted trees,
Thy creed, thy language, and its letter'd wealth,
Thy laws, thy manners, toned with moral health.
Whate'er the genius of thy sons may boast,
Or thine has stamp'd for use, when needed most,

All perils foil'd, all obstacles o'ercome,
Shall find a new, perchance a brighter, home,
And proudly bear, thro' times yet more remote,
Britannia's name with Glory's clarion note.

Old Tiber's flood unchanged by force or time,
Winds slow through wrecks of grandeur and of crime.
Gaunt tombs and tomb-like mansions dot the plain,
Where Rome's young hands took first their crimson stain.
Clothed, as in spectral weeds, her tow'ring shade
Glooms o'er the waste a laggard race betray'd;
While down, far down, in rock and secret cave,
Her noblest victims fill the martyr's grave.

'Twas there I mused, as ebb'd the tide, or swell'd,
Now check'd by sadness, now by hope impell'd,
When ev'ning mists across my pathway stole,
With gleams that rouse, but little cheer the soul;
And faint, like murmurs on the night-wind borne,
Sounds, as of marching legions, seem'd to mourn.

There lay the dreaded future, typed to sight,
Work of that scythe which marks the Spoiler's flight;
There stood, majestic, in its long array
Of arch and column, fix'd in stern decay,
Th' eternal seat of arts, of faith, of pow'r,
Deck'd with some chaplets of the fleeting hour.
There, faint and far, tho' brought by Fancy near,
With notes so wildly sweet they banish'd fear,
The tow'rs of Sion, as to one asleep,
Rose on my thought, like vapours from the deep.

Then, while Remembrance traced the feats of old,
Achieved by heroes and by seers foretold,
Methought in Rome's, in Salem's fate I saw,
The varied moods of one resistless law;—
Strife, conquest, glory, science, lore, and arts;
Wealth, pleasure, ease,—the weakness each imparts;
Faction's mad shocks, the ruthless despot's rage,
Terrors, that rush for shelter to a cage;
False pride that risks, when strength forsakes, the land,
Shame's cow'ring moan, and ruin's lasting brand.

But not with empire sank th' imperial crown
By Genius won, ere Fortune's wheel went down.
O'er many a race, o'er half of Europe's world,
Still waves the flag by Cæsar's hand unfurl'd;
The voice of Tully, wing'd with fervid truth,
Cheers on to noblest ends our gallant youth;
Round Maro's lyre, unchill'd by noxious dews,
Beam all the glories of th' Italian muse.
And hark! a stir,—as when, thro' cloudless day,
New swarms of life await the birth of May,—
A stir of quick'ning hopes, of hoarded vows,—
Such from despair the fetter'd slave might rouse,—
That, heard or felt, pervades the teeming air,
Throbs in each pulse, and bids the world prepare.

Oh! say, on Arno's bank, by Mincio's stream,
Shall old tradition be no more a dream?
Shall bard and Sibyl not have charm'd in vain?
Its long-lost strength shall beauty's land regain?

And, raised to freedom's height in faith and aim
Be one to pow'r, as ever one to fame?

Nor less from Carmel's brow, from Siloah's brook,
Is fragrance wafted on the living book.
Ye Sister Mounts, that God's own presence bless'd,
No more your slopes by heav'nly feet are press'd.
Fair Sion's hill no friendly turrets grace,
Her ark, her temple blotted from the place!
Yet wide, and wider yet, wherever flows
This ruddy source of all our joys and woes,
The strains, no captive lip would deign to sing,
Laws, will'd by one far greater than a king,
Deep words of wisdom from a throne proclaim'd,
And holier truths that earthly wisdom shamed,
By faith accepted, unimpair'd by age,
Still fresh and glowing on the sacred page,
O'er hearts of millions pour the balm of peace,
And ask if Judah's reign shall ever cease.

Here must Oblivion pause: wall, tow'r, and fane
Rush to their base, or ling'ring, waste, in vain.
Fields, where for realms, for worlds the die was thrown,
Elude our search, abandon'd, changed, o'ergrown.
Nameless, and dateless, Nile's grey patriarchs stand;
Tombs yield their spoils, but whose the skull, the hand?
O'er these, destroying here, defacing there,
Prevails a flood, whose wave no rainbows scare:
Tho' some, emerging, struggle hard and long,
The creeping tide is stronger than the strong.
If aught below may hope thro' time to last,
And, deathless, ride the billow and the blast,
'Tis faith, too pure for hate or fraud to stain;
'Tis law, that poises all without a chain;
'Tis language, mirror of the soul and thought;
'Tis that fine sense, of heav'nly breathings wrought;
'Tis love, that fears no chill, no limit owns,
Builds for all times, and burns for all the zones.

Mount, Genius, mount! thy native sphere invites,
Sustains its child, and calls to bolder flights.
Oh! stamp the curse, no time can smoothe away,
On those who sap the heart, and trifling slay;
Whose only wisdom is to grasp at all,
Whose only care to rise when thousands fall,
Or seek by harlot wiles that strength to bind,
Which free-born nations cherish for mankind.
Still be it thine to clear the paths of fame,
To ward each blow that foes or traitors aim,
To sow that grain which later hands may reap,
To rouse thy Country, should her watchmen sleep,
And thine, at last, when sounds th' appointed hour,
To waft her relics, and embalm her pow'r.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

SECOND SERIES.

MUSIC AT EVE.

WHILE thro' the twilight air serene,
Thy harp's sweet tones prevail,
Tho' shadows dim the fading scene,
And heav'n's own tints are pale,
We only change the soul's delight,
And music fills the pause of sight.

The wood, the mountain, and the lake,
Reveal'd in living gold,
Tho' shaped to loveliness, partake
Of earth's impurer mould;
And gazing on their charms we trust
Too much in things that are but dust.

Unclouded from its vestal sphere
Let eve's young planet beam ;
How softly sweet, how deeply clear,
Is music's airy stream !
It thrills not on the sense alone,
Our hearts the blest illusion own.

With chaster flame then fancy burns,
The low-born cares are gone ;
To youth's fresh hopes the bosom turns,
And heav'n and love are one :
Day's brilliant hours have nought so dear
As notes that melt on evening's ear.

A WORD TO THE GREEKS

In 1846.

SONS of Hellas! when ye wore
Chains your sires had worn before,
Crouching low in dust;
When the Moslem's cruel thong
Added pain and shame to wrong,
Where was then your trust?
Trembling, low ye crouch'd in dust,
But on high ye fix'd your trust!

Sons of Hellas! when ye heard,
Trumpet-like, the thrilling word,
"Bondsmen! now's the hour!"
When with hope and vengeance flush'd
On the ranks of death ye rush'd,
Where was then your pow'r?

Years of wrong and one bright hour
Gave your hearts a godlike pow'r.

Sons of Hellas! when the wave
Stemm'd so nobly by your brave,
O'er the bravest roll'd;
When, more fatal than your foes,
Loud the voice of Discord rose,
Where was then your hold?
On your cause and fame of old
Rested then your single hold.

Sons of Hellas! when the Turk,
Dragg'd from slaughter's ruthless work,
Sheathed at last the blade;
Breathless, mangled when ye lay,
Circled by the birds of prey,
Where was then your aid?
Peace, by jealous rivals made,
Gave you then a moment's aid.

Sons of Hellas! freed in vain,
If beneath a viler chain
'Tis your lot to bow;
Long with hope's illusion fed,
Strangers where your fathers bled,
What can aid you now?
Hide, oh hide the burning brow!
Shame alone becomes you now.

THE SEAMAN.

HARD may be the seaman's lot:
Landsmen! yours we envy not.
O'er the mountain waves of brine,
Though nor sun nor planet shine,
Swift as bird that skims the flood,
In our gallant bark we scud.

Mingled with the boundless main,
Wintry torrents leave no stain;
Earth has not so pure a breeze
As the gale that sweeps the seas;
Turn from heav'n your aching view,
Is not Ocean's wave as blue?

In the silent depth of night,
When the dewy stars are bright,
Oft beneath the sleeping sail
Round we pass the jovial tale;
Or, to cheer us while we roam,
Sing of love, and think of home.

Hark! the boatswain piping high
Whistles to the stormy sky!
"Man the yards!" the yards are mann'd;
Firm each foot, alert each hand;
See the reef already done!
Now she's snug; and on we run.

O'er the deck mad surges fly:
What care we? Below 'tis dry.
Heedless, when our watch is o'er,
Of the driving tempest's roar,
There we toast our wives, and sleep
Pillow'd on the swelling deep.

"Breakers! Ho!"—"the helm's a-lee:"
Round she goes; now keep her free.
Through the white waves boldly steer—
Thanks to Heav'n! the shoal is clear.
Oh! that moment's joy outweighs
Half an age of weary days.

Though we till a barren soil,
Rich the produce of our toil:
Trade in peace, the prize in war,
Honour's wreath with honour's scar;
E'en should death a victim claim,
Death upon the deck of fame.

Landsmen! then the parted wave
Gives the dead a noble grave.
In the briny field he plough'd,
With his hammock for a shroud,
By his weeping comrades blest,
Sinks the mariner to rest.

TIME AND I.

SINCE Time and I to know each other,—
Alas! the day,—began,
How oft the girl has grown a mother,
How oft the boy a man!

Like comrades first we stroll'd together;
He shared my hours of play;
Life, circling o'er us like a feather,
Reflected morning's ray.

With Fancy next, youth's airy second,
I rose on hope sublime,
And, wafted light where pleasure beckon'd,
Outstripp'd the laggard, Time.

Ere long in noon,—bright noon,—dissolving,
My waxen plumes gave way;
And now, in thought the past revolving,
I call on Time to stay.

But swift as dart, or dart-like swallow,
That skims th' autumnal lake,
By viewless tracks, where all must follow,
His flight he loves to take.

On, on, thro' boundless distance reaching,
A restless wing he plies;
In vain I stretch my arms beseeching,
Away the traitor flies.

NO TEARS FOR THE DEAD.

NAY, weep not o'er the *Dead!*
They dream not of their woes;
In lands for which they fought and bled
Their generous hearts repose.

The *Living* claim our tears,
The sireless and the slave,
The ling'ring wretch—who toils and fears,
Nor yet can find a grave.

Lament not o'er the Dead!
They see not what we see;
They died in faith; the blood they shed
Has made their offspring free.

Not theirs the bitter lot
To haste victorious home,
And find that home a blasted spot,—
Its hearth their children's tomb.

With foemen's gore were dyed
The swords they grasp'd in death;
The patriot's hope and warrior's pride
Glow'd in their parting breath.

From ashes pure like theirs,
With radiance on its wings,
Lifting from earth a nation's pray'rs,
The bird of glory springs.

THE SIMPLE TRUTH.

WHAT signify to me
The hours that lightly flee?
Each hurries down the rushing stream
To vanish like a morning dream,—
What price have they for me?

What signify to you
The skies, the waves so blue?
The fairest things that bloom on earth
Are mark'd for ruin from their birth,—
What price have they for you?

What signify to him
The grace and pride of limb?
On battle-field, in myrtle bow'r,
Fate dogs him with malignant power,—
What price have they for him?

What signify to her
The charms that envy stir?
Youth, beauty, love, tho' call'd divine,
Fade with the wreaths that o'er them twine,—
What price have they for her?

What signify to all,
Who tread this earthly ball
The countless ages yet to come?—
If nought conclude their final sum,
What price have they for all?

Yet if, when life is o'er,
To each remain a score,
How much, tho' not by wealth or wit,
It signifies that score to quit,
Ere life's poor dream be o'er!

A VISION FROM ST. GOTHARD.

October, 1840.

"—— *bella, horrida bella,*
Et Thybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno."

VIRGIL.

ON scenes remote while musing, slow,
These Alpine heights I tread ;
The mountain breeze seems fraught with woe,
The mountain brook turns red.

Too soon the mutt'ring tempest broke ;
From Seine's gay strand it came ;
Responsive to the levin-stroke,
Each beacon rose in flame.

The Spaniard grim with horrid rage
Reviving havoc cheers;
And France evokes another age
Of glory, blood, and tears.

Old England breasts old Ocean's wave
With sail and pennon spread,
While louder yet and louder rave
The winds that heave its bed.

On Syria's coast the strife is hot;
To arms the Turk has rush'd;
And Egypt's lord, though dark his lot,
Will ne'er be tamely crush'd.

For them is raised the battle-cry;
But deeper mischief works;
The cause that hangs upon the die
Outweighs a world of Turks.

On generous lips the dazzling theme
Of man's improvement glows,
While cooler minds uphold the scheme
Of right that guards repose.

Here long-transmitted power misrules,
And law to bondage turns;
There fell ambition arms her tools,
Or guilty vengeance burns.

No more between the fierce extremes
A golden mean is found;
In clamours for ten thousand dreams
The sober voice is drown'd.

From sea to sea thro' many a realm
Their deaf'ning echoes ring;
The pilot staggers at the helm,
The vulture spreads her wing.

E'en here, tho' love should ever dwell
Where virtue boasts a shrine,
The sounds of discord madly swell,
And hearts at ease repine.

Forgive, kind Heav'n! the frantic thought,
Nor let the past be vain;
Where Arnold fell, where Calvin taught,
Let peace, let freedom reign.

Here undisturb'd may commerce roam,
Here science bless mankind,
And here a nobler, safer home
The blameless exile find.

Ye cloud-girt spires that coronet
Helvetia's hoary brow!
That seem in lasting grandeur set
To type the patriot's vow!

Your granite bulwarks shield no more
A tyrant people's hold,
Nor tempt ye now with treasured store
A neighbour's thirst for gold.

Strong in the want of little, strong
In all the virtues yield,
Your dauntless children brook no wrong,
And keen the swords they wield.

With such their simple fathers broke
On Murten's, Egri's shore,
The rash one's host, the proud one's yoke,
Not, conquering, wish'd for more.

GOOD FRIDAY.

THE Cross! the Cross!—And this the day,
When doom'd to shame and death,
Our sins the Saviour bore away
On his expiring breath:
Oh! day of triumph and of dread!
A world redeem'd! the Saviour dead!

The Cross! the Cross!—A painful road,
With bleeding steps and slow,
He trod, beneath that guilty load
Of malice, crime, and woe;—
A burden none but He could bear,
So vast the weight that centred there!

'Tis done! and on th' accursèd tree
The Lord of life is nail'd!
Oh! Thou, in nature's agony
Whose love for man prevail'd;
How dark, how deep our guilt must be,
When *this* alone could set us free!

Who, dying, saves another's life,
Performs a noble deed;
And when in fields of mortal strife
Contending armies bleed,
Thrice blest is he who wears a crown,
And for his people lays it down.

But GOD to take his creature's form,—
To choose a felon's doom,—
And brook, to save a guilty worm,
The scourge, the cross, the tomb!—
Oh! how can feeble words express
Our wonder, praise, and thankfulness?

The Cross! the Cross!—Oh! think of those,
The tried, the chosen few,
Who watch'd their Lord, 'midst taunting foes,
And trembled at the view:
How sank their hearts in doubt and shame,
When death the King of Heav'n o'ercame!

The Cross! the Cross!—No more disown'd
It shines triumphant here;
And He who bore it sits enthroned
Where saints the triumph cheer.
Blest fruit of Heav'n's redeeming grace!
Joy, joy to man's deliver'd race!

THE CONQUEROR'S LAST RETURN.

December 15, 1840.

THOU pale December morn
Of cheerless winter born,
Fain wouldst thou smile
To welcome one long lost,
Who comes, the wild waves cross'd,
From yon lone isle!

But ere the redd'ning streak
Illumes thy faded cheek,
The winds take horse;
And cloud and driving sleet
Go forth in haste to greet
Th' imperial corse.

Awhile in swift career
They sweep the gorgeous bier;
Yet, sterner far,
By Moscow's blazing wreck
They bade the conqueror check
His rushing car.

Dread sounds are on the gale;
As when storm'd cities quail,
The murmurs grow:
Faint shriek and stifled curse
Hang round the dark-plumed hearse
In folds of woe.

Ambition, with loose hair,
And Force, his red sword bare,
And Glory pale,
And Valour, side by side
With Genius, eagle-eyed,
Like mourners wail.

And hark! as from within,
There breaks a hollow din,
Like arms that ring,
When on some wakeful ear
Their clang—an earthquake near—
The night-airs fling.

Quick! bid the cannon roar,
While Seine, from shore to shore
Exulting bounds;
But not as once they pour'd
On Faction's slaughter'd horde
Their deadly rounds!

The spoils of state and king,
The captured standards bring,
Fair ranged to view;
And leave a space, to note
Where thine shall never float,
Proud Waterloo!

Death triumphs here! The shout,
That speeds an army's rout,
Were mock'ry now;
His, not the season's, chill
Subdues the patriot's thrill,
And damps each brow.

Yet sweet is victory's breath,
And dear th' immortal wreath
To those hush'd throngs;
And hearts are there, which moan
O'er dreams of splendour flown,
And fortune's wrongs.

Brave hearts, tho' few! and age,
That quenches youthful rage,
Has dimm'd their sight;
Yet 'midst the jostling crowd,
Each vet'ran, firm and proud,
Makes good his right.

They watch the funeral train;
But far, on Jena's plain,
Or Danube's flood,
Their roving thoughts evoke
The chief, whose lightning stroke
Wrapt earth in blood.

He comes, but not the same,
As when, like wingèd flame,
From Lodi's field,
He burst on Europe's sight,
A spirit dazzling bright,
In wrath reveal'd.

He comes not e'en to claim
In young Marengo's name,
A forfeit crown;
But, where yon peaceful dome
O'ershades the veterans' home,
To lay him down.

There lay him, ye, that loved;
And, if your hearts be moved
By thoughts like mine,
Place gently near, who first
His youthful ardour nursed,
Good Josephine!

How dark their bed of state!
Alas! o'er both so great
A greater reigns:
And e'en to generous foes
A valiant nation owes
The poor remains!

Yet no light race is run,
When myriads weep for one
In dust long laid:
Oh! power of glory's spell;
Oh! conquest loved too well,
Too sacred made!

Aloft his memory burns,
A sunlike name, that spurns
Th' oblivious tomb:
But ye that worship, say,
Beneath its scorching ray
Could freedom bloom?

The soldier-peers he raised
To heights where grandeur blazed,
Have had their day;
The menial kings, the bride
He tore from Austria's pride,—
Where now are they?

Lo! sceptred hands consign,
As to some hallow'd shrine,
What once he bore;
The sword, his path that clear'd,
Nor less to France endear'd
The *hat* he wore.

Rest, honour'd relics, rest,
And guard the warrior's breast,
By time long spared!
Their faith ye well recall,
Who, true till death, his fall
And exile shared.

But, mark the noonday sun!—
Ere Austerlitz was won,
That flashing ray
Shot thro' the battle's gloom,
And lit for conquest's plume
The crimson way.

It gilds yon trophied arch,
Where now the legions march,
And high thoughts swell:
For deeds—for glories past—
One loud, long clarion blast,
And then farewell!

Farewell! And with the sound
In ling'ring echoes drown'd
May discord cease!
Thy vow, like ours, fair realm—
So wisdom guide the helm—
Is peace—aye, PEACE!

THE SHORTEST DAY.

No more with dim and downward ray
Contracted shrinks the wintry day;
Yon orb of light, ere mortal eye
The secret change can yet descry,
Again thro' heaven's unbounded arch
Resumes his bolder, brighter march.

Man's little world of sense and thought
An echo from his stride has caught,
And, springing tow'rds a wider sphere,
Already greets the coming year.

Who, that has ever dream'd at all,
But knows what 'tis to mount and fall,
To fall, in dreaming, from a height,
That tow'rs in air and mocks the sight,
And when the ground, whose touch were death,
Is all but reach'd, with close-held breath,
To turn again, as by a spell,
And upwards float to whence he fell?

Just so, when at the shortest day
To brighter hours we soar away.

When first to Eden's pair of old,
This annual tale of hope was told,
No wretch reprieved from instant fate
E'er cast behind a heavier weight.
To them,—nor cause nor limit known,—
The shorten'd days, yet shorter grown,
Were heralds of th' impending doom,
When heaven's dark vault might be their tomb,
And all would sink in penal gloom.

Experience, reason, knowledge lead
Their sons to hold a sounder creed,
And e'en the Polar savage knows,
While months of darkness o'er him close,
That, ere his hoard of oil he drain,
The one long day will dawn again.

We little think, while fancy weaves
Our future wreath of summer leaves,
That far beneath our feet is one
Who mourns the change we've just begun,
And dreads to meet the very gloom
Our kinder suns will soon illume.

Alas! to both, few seasons past,
Life's shortest day must come at last,
When Death o'er Time will shake his spear,
And blight for us the new-born year.

SENSATION, SENSE, AND SENSIBILITY.

LAP me in softness and lay me reclining
Where the fresh leaves are in summer dew shining,
Where the light crystal runs dimpling along;
Strew me the greensward with cups that just waken,
Waft me the perfume from zephyr's wing shaken,
Hush'd be all sound but the linnet's gay song.

Late in youth's enchanting season,
Nerve and heart to pleasure strung,
Thus I dream'd till cooler reason
Whisper'd, art thou always young?
Time, alas! but seems to linger,
Keen the scythe and swift the flight;
Dread'st thou not the scorner's finger
Idling thus in vain delight?

Oh! let me welcome the joys that flit by me,
Blossoms of May, they are soon wing'd to fly me;
Shall I now leave them ungather'd to fade?
Now, when earth's lap with profusion is filling,
Nature and man in sweet unison thrilling?—
Spirits of rapture! ye must be obey'd.

Children play with ball and rattle;
Sport and love are toys of youth;
Hark! the trumpet sounds to battle;
Danger tests the patriot's truth.
How can souls enthrall'd by pleasure
Keep, unshaken, duty's vow?
Wouldst thou win renown or treasure,
Toil must burn thy youthful brow.

Talk not of duty, of wealth, or of glory;
Roses are frail, and the laurel is gory;
Self is the pole on which duty should turn:

Bring me what sparkles when mirth is in favour,
Bring me the smile that may heighten its flavour,
Music to ravish, and passions that burn.

Fatal witchery! curs'd illusion!
Serpents lurk beneath the rose;
Wine forbids not care's intrusion;
Smiles there be that sorrow knows.
Man is born to pain and labour;
E'en in health his powers decay;
None so rich but need a neighbour,
None so poor but hopes betray.

Have ye not heard of an ev'ning that closes
Gently, aye gently, as nature reposes,
Floating awhile on the motionless leaves?
Life has a twilight as calm and as tender,
When with a sigh to the soft air we render
What in young bosoms too lawlessly heaves.

Lo! for him who scorns its duties
Life reserves a darker end,—
Dark, as when on earth's wild beauties
Cloud and storm in wrath descend.
Then Remorse her death-cup mingles;
Then the heart's blood curdles thick;
Every nerve with horror tingles,
And the deep gulph swallows quick.

Vain indeed the charms of sense to cover
All that earth retains of bleak and bare;
Perils oft await the favour'd lover;
All that's bright is frail, the brightest rare.

Thou too, wise one, whose clear-sighted reason
Would the mind from Circe's bondage save,
Well dost thou forenote the future season,
Leaving nought to chance of wind or wave.

Yet not oft thy pathway leads to distance ;
Youth's fleet hours may rush too sternly by ;
Gain is not the soul of earth's existence ;
Lost occasions wake the tardy sigh.

Serener joys and more sublime
From nature's inmost fountain well,
Most sweet to those who buoyant climb
Where feeling's airy spirits dwell.

Speak *ye*, whose bosoms guard the flame
In Alfred's royal heart that glow'd,
Who feel how Nelson's shatter'd frame
From deck to deck triumphant strode ;

Who, ne'er inured to martial strife,
Yet sounding true th' heroic tone,
Would, e'en to save a stranger's life,
With generous Eden risk your own.

Whose tears and blood are prompt to flow,
Who all that's great or tender love,
Whose thoughts diffuse o'er things below
A glory meet for realms above.

What most illumes th' historic page?
What best the godlike Muse inspires?
What nursed a Chatham's noble rage,
Or, Howard, thy celestial fires?

Tho' brief the course of Genius here,
Tho' envy grudge its living claim,
It finds a home in yonder sphere,
And leaves behind a deathless name.

Should there be one, who, with heart ever single,
Loves the pure haunts where all charities mingle,
Summer's green shades, or the cottage hearth-side;
Him, tho' the rainbow of fancy ne'er glitter,
Chast'ning the rude while she softens the bitter,
Feeling, sweet daughter of Nature, shall guide.

Light beams from Her on the faint and rejected;
Be there a word, or a look, that's neglected,
Smiling She comforts, in giving receives;
Take her a bud by the canker-worm blighted,
Show her a bosom forsaken when plighted,
Kindly She soothes,—can She do it, relieves.

Touch'd by her soul's deep enchantment the hidden
Starts into life unexpected, unbidden,—
Music from stillness, a star from the gloom:
Is there pain in the chord that can vibrate so finely?
Lost is that pain in the joy which divinely
Blends with all being, nor dies at the tomb.

SONNET.

ALL night beside the wakeful lamp I sit,
Too reckless of the purer lights on high,
That gem with bright intelligence the sky,
Dimm'd by no clouds, that o'er their radiance flit.
Does roving fancy, does illusive wit
Raise mimic scenes to charm the mental eye,
Building from thoughts that deeply treasured lie,
A world within by its own visions lit?
Not so: the load that weighs my spirit down,
Nor art, nor mirth illumes with passing gleam.
Alas! on drudgery's task the Muses frown.
Yet, whilst dull weeds, entangling, choke the stream,
Sweet voices from above each murmur drown,
And Hope for Duty weaves no vulgar crown.

A SKETCH FROM THE BOSPHORUS.

ONE radiant morn, in early spring,
When wintry storms were laid,
I went to hear the linnet sing
In soft Therapia's shade.

The quick'ning word had pass'd; it spoke
To air, to earth, to man:
From every germ the spirit broke;
Through every sense it ran.

I thrill'd, as if that genial hour
To me its welcome gave:
All nature seem'd a lady's bow'r,
And I her only slave.

The turf with flowrets spangled o'er,
The bee that suck'd their dew,
The tender bud's unfolding store,
Made life again feel new.

Nor did the flow'ry meads alone
Revive my drooping heart,
Tho' many a simple weed outshone
The gaudy child of art.

The hoarse old crow from yon hill-side
Of home the memory woke,
Where long in all its branching pride
Hath stood the time-spared oak.

The wave, that kiss'd Europa's feet,
That daring Jason plough'd,
Heaved gently, Zephyr's wing to meet,
And glass'd the tinted cloud.

The Yelcovàn with arrowy speed
Its loit'ring current brush'd;
And, playful as a loosen'd steed,
The tumbling dolphin rush'd.

So clear the waters and so blue,
Each gliding sail so bright,
The sea-bird, as it circling flew,
Look'd downward with delight.

Whoe'er in fancy's youthful glow
Would taste of earthly bliss,—
To him let fair Therapia show
A scene, an hour like this!

Its charm, to sweet remembrance dear,
With me shall fondly dwell,
Where meteors chill the blooming year,
And seas too roughly swell.

GOD IS LOVE.

Occasioned by a Sermon on that text by Dr. Chalmers.

THE heaven's deep arch, this earth so fair,
Yon glorious orb of flame,
And all that breathe th' encircling air
A Maker's hand proclaim.

But whirlwinds rend old ocean's bed;
And death's appalling hour
O'erwhelms the shrinking heart with dread
Till e'en the boldest cow'r.

When o'er his bark the surging brine
In crested horror curls,
Can love, the seaman asks, be thine
Whose arm the lightning hurls?

In softer hours, when nature smiles,
And music floats around,
A doubt, that joy but half beguiles,
Within the breast is found.

And oft as man by word or deed
His inward guide forsakes,
The wrath for broken laws decreed
His startled conscience wakes.

A stern, relentless God he frames,
He dreads th' eternal doom;
And vengeance wing'd with penal flames
Pursues him to the tomb.

But, lo! from heav'n's empyreal throne,
While mercy o'er him bends,
For earth's rebellion to atone
Th' Incarnate Son descends.

In clouds and darkness wrapt no more
From Eve's devoted race,
Nor shrined where fancy dares not soar
In viewless realms of space,—

The Lord of Life, to human sight
In human shape reveal'd,
Beams forth in love serenely bright,
And bids our terrors yield.

His voice that still'd the rushing wave,
The tears that bathed His cheek,
His look triumphant o'er the grave
With all its fire so meek;

The bitter cup of death He drain'd,
The crown of shame He wore;
Whate'er His fainting limbs sustain'd,
Or patient courage bore;—

All these—and many a grace beside
That bounteous Pow'r declare,
Whose warnings but in kindness chide,
Whose mercies all may share.

SONNET.

How sweet to think, when hearts in faith are strong.
Yet fondly true to nature's tender plea,
Of those young hours, when, at a parent's knee,
We lisp'd the word that severs right from wrong,
And caught from loving lips blest Sion's song.
But live there none, whose tones of childish glee
Rush back on memory's ear like captives free,
And stir the deeper thoughts that inward throng?
Thine, Wolff! are such; for thee the Book of life.
Where Saints confirm what ancient Seers foretold,
With kindred hopes, and patriot love is rife;
Thy mother spoke the tongue they spake of old
Thine is the land where holy Jesus trod,
And thine the scatter'd race beloved of God.

THE PARDON'D THIEF.

PROCRASTINATION—word sublime!—
Has long been call'd the thief of time;
But to be frank, 'tis my belief
That Time is far the greater thief.

Did he but force our chests and locks,
Steal this one's ring or that one's box,
The nymph, the swain, of toys bereft,
Might well forgive the puny theft.

But since he flies at noble game,
And filches youth, and wit, and fame,—
The bloom on Laura's cheek that glow'd,
The tones from Plato's lip that flow'd,—

We may not let the Spoiler pass,
Respected for his scythe and glass;
But mark him, as he turns his back,
And set the neighbours on his track.

"Stop thief!" a thousand voices cry;
"Stop thief!" a thousand more reply;
Go East, go West, or North, or South,
"Stop thief!" resounds from every mouth.

And stops he?—No:—his airy course
Flits onward still with noiseless force,—
On, ever on,—no change, or pause,—
And worlds and systems with it draws.

Alike to him frail beauty's form,
Or tow'r that braves th' Atlantic storm;
The proudest fane, beneath his hand,
Costs but a few more grains of sand.

The pyramids are broad and strong;
But lasts the mummy not as long?
Time mows not such;—to slow decay
He safely trusts the stubborn prey.—

Suppose we, now, the Robber caught—
Well pinion'd down—to justice brought—
And all his pilf'rings, from a child,
Before the Bench in order piled.

Not all in *substance,* or in *kind;*—
For *that* the court were too confined;—
But some in schedules, others drawn,—
A few like things just out of pawn.

The verdict given, and judgment pass'd,
Let in the claimants, first and last:
'Tis right that each should have his own,
Be it a bracelet or a throne.

No claimants! What!—will none appear
To own the goods and chattels here?
What! none?—the Bench is fairly posed;
My Lords! I move the court be closed.

"Not yet! not yet!" is heard without;
The lawyers stare, the rabble shout.
"Room! room!"—a train of either sex
Come hobbling in, mere human wrecks;

Not one but seems in rueful plight,
Stript to the skin, and hopeless quite!
Of ev'ry age, and race, and clime,
Co-victims of the ruffian Time.

With looks so puzzled and so queer
They look upon the motley gear,
That benchers grave, in horse-hair wigs,
Smile waggishly, like simp'ring prigs,
Who ponder o'er their boyish rigs.

A general rummage next ensues,
Some to recover, more to choose;
When fair pretenders come to blows,
The judges deign to interpose.

Methusalem, on spindles, begs
To claim a pair of porter's legs;
Some Witch of Endor fain would wear
Yon clust'ring locks of auburn hair.

Old Priam clasps with childish joy
A model of beleaguer'd Troy;
And Hercules,—resumed his club,—
Looks out for somebody to drub.

Good David bathes with many a tear
The harp that Salem loved to hear;
And Samson, were he not quite blind,
His youthful curls again would find.

Two aldermen without a tooth
Demand the grinders of their youth;
But, finding no digestion left,
Submit to Time's malicious theft.

A spendthrift ruin'd ten times over,
His lost estates would fain recover;
But since he then must pay his debts,
'Tis best to be without assets.

Two seedy princes rush to own,
Each for himself, an antique throne;
Struggling to reach the upper board,
It crumbles, and they both lie floor'd.

The Senior Justice shook his head:
And, turning to the jury, said,—
Sure, gentlemen, we've seen enough
To prove that Time is *no such muff.*

'Tis true the fellow makes his prey
Of all that gilds our summer day;
But care we much, when twilight closes,
For sparkling rills, and blooming roses?

Mirth, genius, fortune, wit, and pow'r,
Each thing in nature, hath its hour;
We rush to seize, we hug the prize,—
Yet brief our sorrow, when it dies!

Time, on the whole, stands pretty clear,
So think my learned brethren here;
Tho' still to thieving much inclined,
He cōmforts while he robs mankind.

Grief bids the brightest eye be dim,
And ague shakes the stoutest limb;
Whate'er we scheme to cheat the tomb,
The spiteful elements consume.

Think, gentlemen, how hard the case,
When sense and senses keep their place,
Till man, half living and half dead,
Droops o'er the ruins round him spread!

So! raise the window!—cut the strings
That bind our old offender's wings:—
Pris'ner! you're free:—lo! there! he's off;
Henceforth at Time let no man scoff!

THE SEA.

THE sea—the sea—the pathless sea,
That drowns the man, but floats mankind,
That severs lands, yet makes them free
In others' wealth their own to find.

Thou briny world of restless waves,
Unchanged in all thy silent deeps,
We trust thee when the tempest raves,
We love thee when thy fury sleeps.

The bark, my vernal hopes that bore,
On thy soft bosom heaving lay,
When youth's full heart from home I tore,
And fortune oped the distant way.

From thee no golden freight I craved;
The star that wanes not, fill'd my thought;
Toil long sustain'd, and perils braved
Alone could win the prize I sought.

To trust thee, fickle as thou art,
To love thee, rough as thou canst be,
Is no vain word; the tear will start,
When memory bids me turn to thee.

So large the debt I have to pay,
To pay it twice would bring no shame;
I owe for many a joyous day,
And more for England's ocean fame.

Encircled by thy crystal belt,
Or on thy yielding surface borne,
In freedom's peace we long have dwelt,
And held the jealous foe in scorn.

Thy breezes wing the seeds of health ;
Thy tides refresh the tainted shores ;
Thy billows teem with varied wealth,
And famine hives thy living stores.

The sea—the sea—th' unfetter'd sea—
The rover's mine, the sailor's home—
'Tis ever for the bold and free
Thy gales resound, thy surges foam.

A MYTH OF THE HOUR.

WHEN Jason first, in days of yore,
The Colchian waters plough'd;
Tho' dark the seas, unknown the shore,
His daring keel right onward bore,
And every Greek was proud.

Three thousand times old winter's flail
The sheaves of ocean thrash'd,
Ere, streaming o'er a prouder sail,
Britannia's pennon met the gale,
Where Euxine's billow flash'd.

Now bosom'd on the gentle flood
That bathes a sever'd realm,
Two squadrons blended, swanlike, brood,
Their canvas furl'd in pensive mood,
No steersman at the helm.

But lo! beneath their tow'ring sides
In haste that mocks the breeze,
A lonely steamer downward glides,
With something in its air that chides
Their attitude of ease.

Ere long the dread disastrous tale
Of hatred's foulest deed,
Keen as the pibroch's funeral wail,
Made every gallant cheek turn pale,
And every true heart bleed.

A fearful whisper circled first;
Then tears in silence fell;
Then raised to heav'n were looks that cursed,
Then shrieks of those, who guess'd the worst,
When none could bear to tell.

As roll'd the tide of anguish by,
It smote on Albion's ear;
And Albion, frowning, asked not why,
But dash'd the tear-drop from her eye,
And shook her lifted spear.

Then far and wide thro' all the land
A piercing cry was heard;—
Our sons with heart and hand of oak,
Shall Euxine's stormy wrath provoke,
Whate'er the risk incurr'd.

Give them two hours of fair array,
One gush from Nelson's heart!
The flag, that droops in yonder bay,
Shall scare the felon from his prey,
And leave a spotless chart!

THE CYPRESS.

THE mournful cypress bears no fruit,
A scanty shade it throws;
Corruption feeds the bitter root:
Death triumphs where it grows.

Yet not in vain, tho' darkly, wave
Its tap'ring shoots on high;
Like hope, it tow'rs above the grave,
And claims for man the sky.

COLLISION.

Written on the Belgian Railway.

A MINGLING stream
Of smoke and steam
Trails on the twilight sky;
The hills grow dark;
Each fiery spark
Shoots like a meteor by.

Now doubly dread
Is the thunder-tread
Of the mail-train plunged in gloom,
With the rush and roar
Of sounds that pour
Through the tunnel's bellowing tomb.

Like a thing of life
In mortal strife
Snorts the engine, short and fast ;
From its nostril wide
Whirls the steam-cloud's tide
With the gush of a furnace-blast.

O'er the iron path
Of the monster's wrath,
Lord of its wild career,
With dauntless eye
Of devilry
Stands the bold Engineer.

His fingers strain
The brazen rein
That curbs his flame-born steed ;
With neck half bare
To the rushing air,
He mocks the whirlwind's speed.

Flung o'er the track
Of the boiler's rack,
His loose locks backward float:
On the crested wave
No heart more brave
E'er throbb'd in a whaler's boat.

There seems to him
Both life and limb
In the massive engine's frame;
He feels the force
Of a thousand horse,
And his spirit burns like flame.

Though death be near,
No sound of fear
Breaks from his bosom's might;
The cry so shrill,
That tokens ill,
Is the shriek of the vapour sprite.

Sullen and grim
In breadth of limb
The stokers watch below ;
Their swarthy cheeks
With lurid streaks,
Like cooling lava, glow.

On, on they rush,
Till morning's blush
Mantles the face of heav'n :
Then paler seem
The coals that gleam
In the air-flood past them driv'n.

Swift, swift they fly ;—
Yet dare not vie
With the word of magic, sped
In fleeter race
Than thought can trace,
When a sign comes from the Dead.

No voice is heard,
No wire is stirr'd—
It leaps from goal to goal;
Sound lags behind,
Mind springs to mind
On the lightning of the soul.

Still swift and strong
They scour along
With a routed squadron's din;
Tower, steeple, tree,
Whate'er they see,
In a giddy witch-reel spin.

What past? What past?—
All start aghast!
Is't time for the fleet express?
Steam, dust and smoke
Around them broke:—
More not a soul could guess.

No stop, no check;—
Yon coming speck
On the sight yet dimly grows.
In duskier wreaths,
As the boiler seethes,
The train's long banner flows.

Beneath the shade,
By its dark folds made,
Right merrily on they speed;
To each inside
There's a joy and pride
Like those of a captive freed.

But hark! a crash,
As when the flash
Of heav'n's own bolt hath rent
With hurricane stroke
Some broad old oak
That ne'er to the tempest bent.

'Tis heard, that shock,
As if some rock,
Upheaved by an earthquake's force
Had strew'd the shores,
Where Ocean roars,
In its ruin's headlong course.

Great Heav'n! they've met—
The trains have met!
Like ships from the battle line,
When snapp'd each mast
By a furious blast
They clash on the hissing brine.

Engine and train,
And scores of slain
To a hideous mountain swell
That heaving speaks
In moans and shrieks,
As if its womb were hell.

All other sound,
By horror drown'd,
On earth, in air is still;
Amazed, unmann'd,
The gazers stand—
No help, no thought, no will.

With right hand clench'd,
His bright eye quench'd,
His manly forehead clear,
On the reeking heap,
Like one asleep,
Lies the dauntless Engineer.

RADETSKY.

WHEN Austria's eagle, cow'ring low,
Sustain'd the fatal gust,
That shook the crowns on many a brow
And laid their pride in dust;

'Twas freedom's voice, Italia's cry
Above the tempest's roar,
That, calling vengeance from the sky,
Redeem'd the woes of yore.

From sainted Rome's imperial fane,
From Milan's marble dome,
From Genoa's rock, from Capua's plain,
From Titian's sea-born home,

The trumpet's echoing notes were heard,
And wild and shrill the clang,
As memory woke, and wrongs were stirr'd,
And hearts responsive rang.

Down went the banner'd pomp of state,
Down went th' embattled line;
With triumphs none dared hope elate
The mob seem'd half divine.

But soon the tides of tumult sank,
And calmer thoughts prevail'd;
A doubtful name of kingly rank
In evil hour was hail'd.

Then Austria's hoary Leader rose
Like one with visions blest;
Oh! never, Age, thy weight of snows
A manlier forehead press'd!

By toil, by danger unsubdued,
He watch'd when others slept;
Neglected, baffled, and pursued,
A soldier's faith he kept.

With hopes, that still to glory clung,
His lonely bosom swell'd;
His wither'd arm by valour strung
An empire's fate upheld.

The star of Hapsburg o'er him glow'd,
Fair Austria seem'd his own;
The warrior steed he nobly rode
Surpass'd a regal throne.

'Tis done: the stranger's hand once more
Its writhing captive binds;
And blushing Freedom's tricolòr
Around the victim winds.

Ah! breathe it not, ye gales, that sigh
Thro' soft Italian shades;
The tear, that falls from pity's eye,
In conquest's lustre fades.

Bright veteran! yes: whate'er the cause
Thy sword from ruin freed,
The Muse's wreath, a world's applause
Are genuine valour's meed.

Long spared by envy may thy name,
Brave old Radetsky! shine,
And all of glorious Waldstein's fame,
Without his doom, be thine!

A BATTLE AT SEA.

Look out from the maintop,—what, ho!
There's silence along the vast deep;
The stars are all imaged below;
The tides, that embosom them, sleep.

Look out from the gallant-mast—ho!
A gleam on the water's dim line:
Is it light from the storm-cloud?—Oh! no:—
Or meteor, that shoots o'er the brine?

Look out from the cross-trees,—what, ho!
Like vapours, that float up the lea,
Tall shadows, majestic and slow,
Wade hitherward o'er the dark sea.

They drift on the air-stream:—a flash
From the signal-port breaks thro' the gloom;
More sail!—gallant tars!—be not rash,
Ye speed, but to hasten your doom.

Brief, briefer the space!—ship to ship
Now on ocean's broad bosom they meet!
Every man to his gun!—let no lip,
Save the boatswain's, be heard thro' the fleet.

From boltsprit, and mast-head, and stern;
Cross or Crescent triumphantly flies:
Brave sight!—but what eye can discern
Where ruin or victory lies?

A shot! and another!—and then,
As broadside on broadside is pour'd,
One shroud mantles all—ships and men;—
Death everywhere busy on board!

The crash of some ball-shiver'd mast
Now pierces the battle's wide roar;
Now heaved by the gunpowder blast,
Huge fragments, volcano-like, soar.

Yet, mark how the blithe morning air
Stirs gently each pennon aloft!
The day's budding promise how fair!
The swell of the waters how soft!

Not so—where the Furies let loose
On whirls of red battle-smoke ride;
Where the kindest admit of no truce,
And the hearts of the boldest are tried.

Still fiercer and faster the blaze
From each gun, as in revelry, leaps;
And the sharp-ringing musketry plays
Over decks, where the dead lie in heaps.

It lightens!—it thunders!—like hail
By the hurricane's fury impell'd,
Through tatters of rigging and sail
Its course the fell grape-shot hath held.

Oh! spare the young seaman, whose bride
May be gazing e'en now o'er the wave!
Oh! spare his rough messmate, whose pride
Is from want an old mother to save!

And pass, ye keen warrants of death,
Pass harmless, where firm at his post,
Unchanging in feature or breath,
Stands one, whom his country may boast.

Still rages around him the fight;
Fear sits on each terrible sound;
No thought of surrender, or flight;—
All thought in that chaos is drown'd.

Nor spirits, nor sinews may tire;
Force lords it, manœuvre is nought;
Where quickest and hottest the fire,
Thy crown, bloody Conquest! is wrought.

A breeze!—and the cloud rolls away:
The streamers run gallantly out;
O'er each wave curls a plumage of spray,
And, joyous, the combatants shout.

'Tis gone—that sweet vision of light!—
The dread voice of battle, once more,
Like a blast from the caverns of blight,
Strikes home to the heart's wither'd core.

Brave Moslem! endure yet awhile!
Still show your proud foes what ye are;
Lo! Victory points with a smile
To the Crescent that cradles a star.

Not for creed is your standard unfurl'd;
Your country's dear rights ye defend:
That cause to the ends of the world
Has in every true bosom a friend.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

On the verge of gory strife
Shouldst thou meet the soldier's wife,
Trembling for a dearer life,
Pass her not unheeding.

Far from home, from kindred far,
Guided by a viewless star,
There she tracks the march of war,
While her heart is bleeding.

Lone, within her lonely bower,
She, till Britain's foemen cow'r,
Ne'er would drag the weary hour,
Lost in pining sadness;

She could nurse the babe she bore,
On some wild and houseless shore,
Gath'ring from the cannon's roar
Thoughts that burn to madness.

Yes: for one who knows it well,
Woman's heart can proudly swell,
Braving shot, and braving shell,
Where the combat rages.

Hers the cheek for mercy's tear,
Hers the brow so pale, so clear,
Hers the look, whose bright'ning cheer
Every pang assuages

Such, in faith and danger tried,
By her own young warrior's side,
Through th' embattled ranks may ride,
Gladd'ning e'en the sternest;

Such, if dealt th' untimely blow,
Mingling with his life-blood's flow,
There would mutely, fondly show
How she loved in earnest!

"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

1856.

WHEN Poland, mark'd for ruin, sank,
From house to house, from rank to rank
The moan of anguish crept;
Yet ere the last dim vision fled,
There rose a cry,—"*She is not dead!*"
Its echoes,—have they slept?

She is not *dead!* A faded cheek,
And eyes from many a vigil weak,
Her cherish'd woes betray;
But quicken'd still by wrath and wrong,
Her bosom's throbbing tide is strong,
And well She bides her day.

Tho' doom'd the stranger's floor to tread,
And stretch the bashful hand for bread
E'en Genius toils to earn,
Her children scorn the gilded chain,
And all the patriot's faith retain,
With vows that never turn.

War's clarion shout may fill with dread
The burgher's hall, the peasant's shed;—
To them it heralds joy;
The warrior's tramp, where'er 'tis heard,
Thrills them, as thrills some tender word
The long-lost, homeless boy.

Oh! think what burning tears must fall,
When conquest's flag becomes the pall
To shroud a lifeless hope!
When those who braved the battle flood,
And rush'd to swell it with their blood,
Grasp but a sand-spun rope.

How blest the man, whose sturdy brand,
High flashing o'er his native land,
Keeps hearth and altar pure!
Of altar and of hearth bereft,
What wreck has yon sad exile left?
His lot is to endure!—

A hard, but glorious lot, to show
How clear in sorrow's night may glow
The lamp by virtue fed;
And though his country's voice be hush'd,
Her cause betray'd, her freedom crush'd,
To prove, *She is not dead!*

Not dead, yet mourning in her weeds,
Like one, whose widow'd bosom bleeds,
Whose very soul is bow'd:
A nation droops, it never dies;
To heaven its oath of vengeance flies;
Its grief, its shame is proud.

In time thy garlands, Peace, must fade;
And steel once more the brow will shade,—
Again the lance shall gleam;
Hurrah! for Poland!—Lo! She lives,
She combats, vanquishes, forgives!—
How sweet, how bright the *dream!*

THE ROYAL WEDDING-DAY.

January 25, 1858.

It cannot die,—it may not pass away
Like some brief sport, or vulgar holiday;
In hearts of millions deeply strikes the root,
Which years to come shall quicken into fruit.

I see the Princely youth in pride
Of wedlock's choice array,
And by his side the Royal bride
Fair as a vernal day,
When sunny gleams and genial show'rs
Prepare for May the budding flow'rs.
Her smiling lip and beaming eye
Reveal the heart's sweet mystery;
Her falt'ring voice and moisten'd cheek
Of home and all its memories speak:

The tear, the smile are nature's own,
And hallow'd twice the bridal oath,
When ties, so long, so dearly known,
Are twined with those of later growth,
And e'en in Love's entrancing bow'r,
When rapture weaves the golden hour,
Yield but in part to his transcendent pow'r.

In stately Buckingham's illumined pile
The strains of revelry were hush'd awhile;
St. James's altar blossom'd out no more
With maiden wreaths, and, lovelier, those who wore,
From Windsor's belfry tow'r,
With many a peal and shout,
For England's peerless flow'r
The merry chimes rang out,
While stepping lightly from the train
She press'd the hand that warmly press'd again,
And felt a double life her flutt'ring bosom strain.

Tho' sad the twilight gloom,
And keen the wintry gale;
Tho' youth's unfolding bloom
On many a cheek was pale,
The breath of eve, with Eden's fragrance laden,
Thro' court and fretted aisle appear'd to float,
Wafting soft homage to the wedded maiden,
Soft as her gaze, or music's tend'rest note.
Ancestral shades,—the wise of old and brave,—
As fancy deem'd, an airy welcome gave,
And round St. George's choir the banners seem'd to wave.

When two young hearts are one in love,
There drops a blessing from above;
'Tis not alone the bosom's thrill,
But something holier, sweeter still,
That bids the fleeting moments stay,
As if for them 'twere ever May;

Not Heav'n itself, when deep the springs and pure,
Can make the present hour feel more secure.

Yet time must have its right;
The blossom gives way,
That by its decay
The fruit may duly come to light.
Hope forward bends with ardent look
As fain to pierce you awful book,
Where doom and darkness dwell;
Tho' feeble, strong in nature's pow'r,
A cry, that greets each natal hour,
The crowning joy shall tell.
When tears and smiles begin their wonted strife,
How fondly dreams the mother and the wife!
How glitters, as with gold, the new-spun thread of life!

In latticed cottage, or in banner'd hall,
Love, in his triumph, reigns alike o'er all;

Let monarchs wed in pride and pomp of state,
The meanest groom may clasp as fair a mate;
But when the steeples, reeling,
Salute a royal heir,
'Tis more than household feeling,—
'Tis joy, that millions share.
The guns speak out in thunder,
The festive cup goes round;
Our walls may start asunder,
But land to land is bound.
And time may come when drawn by kindred ties,
Should honour call, or foes to both arise,
Chiefs, as of late, in toil, in danger tried,
Rivals, nor friends the less, shall side by side,
On Rhine's green marge, or on a dearer shore,
True Sons of Leda, breast the battle's roar,
And owe to wedded faith what ruin taught before.

Loved, honour'd, blest,—self-chosen Pair,
So manly one, and one so passing fair,—

Now life's rude cares must probe your deeper worth!
Tho' chill the driving blasts from east and north;
Sounds as of many waters, call you forth.
A nation's hopes, a nation's vows,
Attendant far, your spirit rouse:
The snow-flakes gather round your path,
The seas are blust'ring in their wrath;
And, swift the firmest will to melt,
That warm parental tear is felt,
Which, falling on a daughter's cheek
In very happiness so meek,
Embalms the parting sigh, when words are weak.

Ye winds and foaming waves,
That, haply, would impede
The gallant yacht, whose bridal speed
Your idle fury braves,—
A freight of loving hearts is there,
And ye must heed a people's pray'r.

Leaping o'er the briny waste,
Shouts on shouts of joyous tone,
Swallow-wing'd, with eager haste,
Come like echoes to our own.
Again, with many a crashing peal
Let tow'r and steeple madly reel;
In civic hall, on village green,
Let plenty cheer the wintry scene;
Thro' all its peopled streets at night
Let the great city blaze with light;
And strangers learn how garlands, Love has twined,
Endear the sympathies of mind with mind,
Secure the heart's domain, and thrones to nations bind.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A MOST DISTINGUISHED LADY.

So young, so beautiful, so true,
So deeply, fondly brave,—
What love was not in life her due?
Who weeps not o'er her grave?

How charm'd we saw the youthful bride,
Remote from pleasure's train,
O'er Euxine's frowning billows ride
To cheer Crimea's plain;

How troubled, saw her bosom's lord,—
Ere plunged in helpless woe,—
Point, with a sigh, his flashing sword,
And, headlong, charge the foe!

Ah! treach'rous, cruel Fates! ye slept,
When danger fill'd the hour;
Your hoarded vengeance, all, was kept
For home's unguarded bower!

More swiftly ne'er did battle-stroke
Rend life and hope away;
No fiercer whirlwind ever broke
On soft Bermuda's bay!

The peace of tried undoubting hearts,
Content's unwearied range,
The bliss that each to each imparts,
When bosoms need no change,—

All these,—and sweet parental care,
That warms the meanest shed,
Far scatter'd on the morning air,
With thee, loved Agnes! fled.

Yet calm the soldier's wife, when death
At once before her sprang;
No quicken'd pulse, no falt'ring breath
Th' alarm of nature rang.

Each part of duty well fulfill'd,
No tender feeling lost,
The world's illusive dreams were still'd,
And faith maintain'd its post.

With looks, that reach'd to future years,
Her sleeping babe she press'd;
The one pale cheek, not bathed in tears,
Was hers, who pray'd and bless'd.

IN HONOREM.

I KNOW one green and sunny spot,
From which the light departeth not.
You'll find it ne'er by lake or stream,
That sparkles in the morning beam;
Nor on the far-seen mountain's crest,
Where late the tints of ev'ning rest:
But in some deep and tranquil mind,
With hope and truth and love enshrined.

ON REACHING THE SEASIDE FROM LONDON.

I HEAR no more
Old London's roar,
Nor yet am lost in quiet;
I pace the strand,
Where all is grand,
And Ocean loves to riot.

The din that sears
Our startled ears,
If wrought in Nature's quarry,
Has more of balm
Than love's own calm,
When, fond and dull, we marry.

In the clear night,
When, still and bright,
Heav'n's watch-fires arch th' horizon,
There seems to dwell
A charm, a spell,
In all we cast our eyes on.

'Tis not the sleep
That, soft and deep,
To care and danger blinds us ;
From brain and heart
Swift fancies dart
Along the chain that binds us.

Unstirr'd, unfurl'd,
Our spirit-world
May wear the mien of slumber,
But who can show
What teems below
In depths that laugh at number ?

Lo ! torrents meet,
And billows beat,
And clouds speak out in thunder ;
Horsed on the blast,
That hurries past,
Ride, twin-like, Fear and Wonder !

The baser mind,
To sloth resign'd,
Then bursts the straining fetter,
And feels a life
In that wild strife,—
The wilder yet the better.

But souls that glow,
When no tides flow,
And silence round them watches,
From inborn light,
Break forth on sight,
Nor wait for stars or matches.

The crowd is still:
Their own high will,
As from some lone tow'r, blazes;
Soaring, they claim
The rights of flame,
And spurn the swamps and mazes.

Two threads akin
The sisters spin,
Be fair or foul the weather;
Of boundless reach
The tones from each
Contrast, or chime together.

The rough, the fine,
Are both divine,
The rudest gently closes;
In halcyon hour
The finer pow'r
Of space and time disposes.

THE GOOD PRINCE.

THE King was troubled, e'en to his heart's core :
Uncertain were the times ;—ideas,—what,
Or whither tending, none might clearly see ;
As grew the people, these had grown, and touch'd
Near and more near the fortunes, habits, creeds
Of many, nay, of most ; his royal thought
Yearn'd sore to smoothe the ruffled waters, ere,
Heaved into roaring surges, they should break
As some wild gust might sway ; deep his desire
To bring contentment, peace, and loving trust
Back from their wand'rings to the hearthstone, home.
No tempting lust, tho' sweet to all, was his
Of popular applause and giddy fame.
The cares, that filleted his ample brow,

His pray'rs, the first, the last, were all employ'd
For millions hedged by his wise forecast round,
And haply too for his own bosom's ease,
And for the honour of his faith and realm.

His courtiers whisper'd that the crown he wore,
And wore so nobly for his people's welfare,
Would by the hand that raised it from the shrine,
E'en by his own,—so Heav'n, they said, had will'd,—
Be best supported ;—who, they said again,
Would risk a murmur, when th' anointed Prince
Look'd from his throne in pomp of sovereign right?

But Albert, while he question'd not the faith
And honest purpose of their counsel, felt,
As nature and a finer sense inspired,
That pow'r, tho' rightful, works no lasting good,
But rather chafes than heals the fretting sore,
When force alone and fear of ill impose
Submission, leaving reason out and love.

VAUCLUSE.

In truth the scene is rare; divinely plann'd;
Stern without gloom; as beautiful as grand.
While step by step the stranger yet ascends,
At once his path, as barr'd by magic, ends:
High tow'rs the rock with sheer unwrinkled face;
A crystal pool reflects its cavern'd base.
Thence streams th' o'ertopping flood thro' blocks of stone
By ages bleach'd or long with moss o'ergrown;
Its waters brawling to the vale below
Refresh the plants that shade their eager flow;
And crags, where bristling ruins edge the sky,
Tell with what force the puny moments fly.

Oh! beauty match'd with greatness! Oh! Vaucluse!

Wrapt in thy charms, myself, the world I lose,—
That nether world, wherein I play'd my part,
When vulgar cares absorb'd a restless heart.
How sweet to gain a deeper, keener sense
Of Nature's pure and matchless excellence!
To feel a pow'r that chast'ning lifts the mind,
And brings with leisure joys that all may find!

In such "deep solitudes" devotion first
Its hallow'd zeal and heav'nly passion nursed;
In such e'en guilt may wear its shame away,
And catch the light that never leads astray.
Here Petrarch fondly breathed his love-lorn plaints,—
The springs, the rocks his tutelary saints;—
Here crown'd his garden-isle with early flow'rs,
Or dropp'd his honey'd lore on twilight hours;
Here gave to echo one long-cherish'd name,
Chaste as his lay, immortal as his fame.

The rocks, the springs, unchanged by years, sustain
The proud remembrance of their poet's strain,
And pilgrims still from many a distant clime
Flock to his shrine assail'd in vain by time.

Honour to verse, to him: the voice of Rome
Alone could draw him from his sylvan home;
A nation's plaudits and the laurel crown,
That scarce might swell the tide of his renown,
Restored him, yet more worthy of the Muse,
To love, to peace, to Laura and Vaucluse.

In deathless verdure still the wreath he wore,—
The wreath great Dante's brow display'd before,—
Blooms o'er the land his genius soar'd to save,—
Now freedom's heir, tho' long a cow'ring slave,—
And shows how bright in bosoms touch'd by fame
May burn the patriot's with the lover's flame.

DREAM OF A DREAM.

'TWAS there, 'midst olive shades and citron groves,
We dwelt with rapture, and our heaven was love's.
Each lost in each the vernal turf we press'd;
Nor care, nor languor chill'd our sunbright rest.
The wealth of nature, pour'd from ev'ry source,
To both came home with stronger, sweeter force.
We woke to gladness with the rising beams;
We clasp'd its image in our nightly dreams.
Time seem'd for us to fold his busy wing;
The blossoms faded, and it still was spring.
So full our cup, we knew not doubt or fear,
And deem'd our days were of th' eternal year.

Ah! cruel Time, that linger'd to betray!
Ah! flowers, that wreathed the viper arm'd to slay!
Love, Joy, and Hope with you have ceased to reign,—
Remembrance lives, but only lives to pain.

Alas! the change; nor sin, nor penal word
Consign'd our Eden to the blazing sword;
More slow, yet sure, the creeping worm of grief
Pierced love's own bow'r, and curl'd each tender leaf.
My soul's one light, my heart's instinctive home,
Where all was *now*, whence thought could never roam,
My being's lord, whose pleasure was my pride,
Droop'd in his bloom, and on my bosom died.
Oh! could it be? So gentle, fair, and brave,—
Relentless Fate! could no devotion save?
Shrink, faithless arms! whose incomplete embrace
For death's keen arrow left a fatal space!
Close, wretched lips! whose kisses proved too weak
Life's door to seal, or warm the marble cheek!

Sure, bliss so brief was nothing but a dream ;
It only seem'd ;—then why not always seem ?
Come, Fancy ! Come, sweet friend to mourners ! wave
Thy roseate plumes o'er love's untimely grave.
The past in all its glowing hues restore ;
Give life to shapes that ne'er in truth were more ;
Let tears, that drown my sight, th' illusion aid ;
The substance lost, immortal be the shade.

'Tis vain : I strive to slake my burning woe
In imaged streams that glitter as they flow.
From nerve to nerve the raging fever leaps,
And ruthless grief its aching vigil keeps.
If duped awhile, my straining eyes pursue
The limpid waves by fancy brought to view,
On yonder shore, in bloom of matchless youth,
With looks of fond entreaty steep'd in truth,—
As when 'mid olive groves and citron bow'rs
He drain'd with me the never-cloying hours,—

My lost companion stands in pensive mood,
And seems to sigh, and beckons o'er the flood.
So near! yet so remote!—On wing of fire
Will no kind angel waft a soul's desire?
Must day's rude glare this last poor charm dispel?
Must hearts, that will not break, to madness swell?
No thought to cheer, nor clue, nor sign to guide,
Must black despair be ever at my side?

Oh! Fiend! thy night of nights had all but shed
Its starless horrors on my lonely bed,
When yon clear tide, whose waters, dimpling, wove
Their mazy web to sever love from love,
Embosom'd lights beyond our solar sky,
And link'd my sorrows with the pure on high.

There, in the spangled wilderness of space,
Hope, that below can find no genial place,
May soar, by faith sustain'd, to brighter spheres,
Where true, fond eyes are never dimm'd by tears,

Where heart, that beats to heart, rejoins its own,
And stores the golden ears in trouble sown.

Thou, too, sad tenant of this widow'd breast,
Shalt bear on earth to be no longer blest,
So time thy flight mature for realms above,
And Heaven o'erlook th' idolatry of love.

APOLOGY OF THE CLOCK WHICH HAD STOPPED.

YE children of the *coming* hour, that, coming on so bright,
Still brighter seems the more it nears and swells upon the sight,
How throb my pulses when ye run, and, thronging round me, seek
The tokens on this face of mine, that speak as time would speak!

I read in every sparkling eye, on every spotless brow,
The hope that freshly springs with life, and whispers, is it now?

I catch the merry sounds that break from childhood's
guileless heart,
And fain would check these circling hands, that tell
how moments part.

Alas! ye little heed what wrecks the flowing tide may
bring,
How deep a shade may settle down on youth's unruffled
wing;
Your murmurs chide my ling'ring steps whene'er the
task is dull,
Nor would ye stay the torrent's rush when mirth is
at the full.

Ye children of the *bygone* hour, whose earnest looks
betray
What inly bids you watch with me the ceaseless flight
of day,

Tho' life's young charm that sheds o'er all the rose's
kindred hue,
No longer tint for you the dawn, nor gem the grove
with dew;

Yet, while its sweet illusions fade, experience calms
the mind,
And joy, that lights no more your own, in other hearts
ye find;
Remembrance too, that loves to haunt some long-
deserted bow'r,
Extracts a balm from wither'd wreaths to cheer the
darken'd hour.

Nor less, exalted into faith, may fancy wave her
plumes,
All spangled o'er with rainbow eyes, and wafting rich
perfumes;

Ah! spurn the measured round of time, that marks each dying year,
And, while on earth, prepare a home in yonder boundless sphere.

Children of *both* the hours, farewell! howe'er ye come and go,
Among you some will call me fast, and some will deem me slow;
A course to please you both alike I cannot hope to keep,
And hence I deem it best to stop: oh! let me, let me sleep!

FALL'N, FALL'N, FALL'N.

Low lies the stately one!
The fine old tree is down!
At once two hundred years are gone,
With its time-honour'd crown!

But yestere'en it stood
As lofty and as grand,
As ever in their lustihood
Our fathers saw it stand.

A deep, a starless night,
All nature hush'd and dark,
When, sudden, loosed for deadly flight,
The whirlwind smote its mark.

Stretch'd on his weary bed,
Some watcher heard the crash,
And deem'd it was that voice of dread
Which sheathes a lightning flash.

Above the frantic blast
There danced a wildering scream;
The rooks are scatter'd far and fast,—
To them it was no dream.

Morn has a tale to tell;
Light makes all mystery plain;
The shiver'd limbs are where they fell,
The trunk is snapt in twain.

No more its summer pride
May shelter herd and flock;
No more its high tops, swinging wide,
The callow nestlings rock.

No more its world of leaves
Shall lull the winds to sleep,
Or gently o'er th' autumnal sheaves
Its lengthen'd shadow creep.

Behold! with axe in hand,
And looks of sad concern,
The wood-reve and his fellows stand
Amid the trampled fern.

So round a murder'd king
Might wond'ring menials throng:
Destruction!—what a fearful thing,
When wrought on one so strong!

The tools of death are plied;
What sturdy blows resound!
Logs, thick'ning round, are piled aside,
And fragments bleach the ground.

The child, that oft has play'd
Beneath those tangled boughs;
The lass, who sought their whisp'ring shade
To hear forbidden vows;

The grey old sire, whose days
Outnumber'd all but theirs;
Each, as some tone from memory sways,
The debt of sorrow shares.

Ere nightfall, stroke on stroke,
The funeral task is done;
No woodman to his comrade spoke;
In silence all are gone!

Space,—space alone,—remains,
A space, forlorn and bare;
So still, that not a breeze complains;—
The stranger saddens there.

And, Inverary, long,
When tempests rend thy vale,
The spectre of that midnight wrong
Shall make the young cheek pale.

THE DANE'S SPEECH.

By firmness on the battle-field,—
Nor yet by this alone;
By more, by all that death has seal'd,
Is patriot valour shown.

Thro' many a weary winter night,
When food and shelter fail,
The soldier for his country's right
Sustains the freezing gale.

He charges on the foe he hates,
Confronted rank to rank;
His fingers close, his heart dilates,—
He knows not rear or flank.

But oh! the anguish of retreat!
The comrades left to die,
The raging thirst and tott'ring feet,
The breast that may not sigh!

And worse within,—the deadly chill
That numbs each pulse of life,
The withering sense of helpless ill—
The home, th' unguarded wife!

And oft, and oft, that sound of fear,
The keen pursuer's yell,
That stings the laggard's tortured ear,
As 'twere a shriek from hell.

Such, noble Danes! your cruel lot;
But well the test ye stand;—
Your raven flag without a blot,
And red the dripping brand.

If words of comfort may be found,
From royal lips they flow;
Your King,—with laurel were ye crown'd,—
No fitter could bestow.

He thanks you.—Not for battles won,—
That glory might not be;—
But marks the *hopeless* duty done
By *each* opposed to *three*.

He tells you of long-trusted lines,
Of guns in bristling rows;
Of hearths, and tombs, and holy shrines,
Laid bare to ruthless foes:—

But closer,—as the swarms advance,—
He links his fate with yours;
A living rampart gives the chance
That best his realm ensures.

"Soldiers! amidst my people here
Alone," he cries, "I stand;
No kindred voice our cause to cheer,
No friend, not one at hand!

"I know your veins in combat swell
With blood ye never spare;
I feel how Danish blades would tell
On hosts of foemen there;

"But dear the cost, and faint is hope,
When numbers whelm the brave;
May Heav'n give all its vengeance scope,
Since Earth disdains to save!"

THE DANISH BRIDAL.

THROUGH Denmark swept the trumpet blast,
And thousands hurried far and fast
To guard the sacred land.
Young Edith's lover heard the call;
No slave was he to bow'r and hall,—
A soldier, heart and hand.

The mingled tears at parting shed,
The plighted vows, the doubt, the dread,
The fond laments of love,
Were nature's own; but o'er them rose
The flame in patriot zeal that glows,
The prayer that soars above.

When met they next?—Ah, breathe it not;
Uncertain is the warrior's lot,
The boldest challenge fate;
Life has its web of chequer'd grain,
And there, both warp and woof to strain,
Hangs many a ghastly weight.

'Twas Eric's turn: the rumour spread
From street to street, from shed to shed;
Nor long, ere bending low,
On a rude bier, the chosen four
Their pale and lifeless comrade bore,
With looks of utter woe!

From Edith's hand the spindle fell,
She ask'd no busy tongue to tell
What evil chance was nigh;
With wild and frantic steps she rush'd
To kiss the wound, whence life had gush'd,
And fearful was her cry.

" This, this," she sobb'd, "the dream I nursed?
" Oh! ruthless country! war accursed!
" Is this the blithe return?
" Why stay'd I here, no peril shared?
" With him the worst I might have dared;
" Ah! wretch too slow to learn!"

Her locks in many a waving wreath
Stream'd o'er the marble brow beneath:—
" Was Heav'n too weak to save?
" Think, had we battled side by side,
" Together bled, together died,
" How sweet had been the grave!"

" Nay, Lady, rave not in thy grief;
" Some holier thought may shed relief;
" Death hallows while he slays:
" The hero's deeds are all his own;
" How bright his monumental stone,
" How dear his country's praise!"

A voice so earnest, mild, and clear,
Might win the reckless whirlwind's ear;
'Twas Eric's friend that spoke,—
His friend in days of tender youth,
In counsel one with him and truth,
A link that never broke.

She listen'd, weeping, and a charm
That Heav'n reserves for earthly harm
O'er all her senses stole;
Her King, her Country, and the cause,
His pledge redeem'd, the world's applause,
Elating, fill'd her soul.

She mourn'd as only those can mourn,
When love with bleeding roots is torn
Deep-seated from the heart;
But true to race, of generous birth,
She play'd in right of kindred worth
A Danish maiden's part.

" To lose thee in the bloom of life,
" When plighted thine, and all but wife,
" Is hard and bitter doom ;
" But woman's faith may vanquish ill,
" And I must bend a selfish will,
" Nor grudge thee to the tomb.

" They say thy flashing sword was raised
" Where fierce and high the battle blazed ;
" They say that, led by thee,
" O'er mangled heaps, on countless foes
" The Danish columns rain'd their blows
" Till few were left to flee.

" Enough : the tear-drop let me dry
" Ere yet it leave this darken'd eye :
" What patriot ever dies ?
" He bleeds, but lives ; in danger's hour
" His memory speaks ; his name is pow'r—
" And here our bravest lies."

Afar the ringing tones were heard,
E'en to their last triumphant word;
Then sank the lovely head,
And, pillow'd on the heart it press'd,
There found a cold but welcome rest,
Nor wish'd a goodlier bed.

THE DANISH WIDOW'S GIFT.

MARK me, child !—how much I love thee
Cannot e'en to thee be known ;
Scan the deep blue vault above thee,—
Guess you may from that alone.

In the golden hour so fleeting,—
Scarce had slumber left thine eyes,—
Who but I hung o'er thee, greeting
Thy first look of calm surprise ?

Child ! forgive that e'er I brought thee
Into this sad vale of tears ;
Yet, remember how I taught thee
All that life's dark struggle cheers.

Think of me whose bosom fed thee
Ere the founts of life were drain'd ;
Who with tender guidance led thee,
And with folded arm sustain'd.

Now's the time for thee to rivet
All that knits thy heart to mine ;
'Tis my due—and thou wilt give it,
Freely as I gave to thine.

In the growth of childish beauty,
Train'd by fond parental care,
Long, my boy ! thy sternest duty
Was to listen and prepare.

Still thy ripening form is slender,
And the down on that fair cheek
Shows but as the bloom so tender
Round a peach's summer streak.

Oh! my son, thy country's anguish
Brooks no thought of age or ease;
Danes in German fetters languish,
Germans ride the Danish seas!

Day by day, in fields of slaughter,
Rank on rank our bravest fall,
Blood must fail when pour'd like water;
None so weak but heed the call.

Youth! the gleam, that parts thy lashes,
Lightens back a mother's prayer;
Hope revives, as vengeance flashes
From the soul that kindles there.

Man in spirit! by that token,
Go!—thy country's—mine no more:—
Live or die—my heart, though broken,
Never shall the gift deplore.

"THERE'S RUE FOR *YOU*."

SHE left us in her twentieth year;—
Never, ah!—never to return!
Why snatch'd away so young, so dear,
We dared not even wish to learn.

She left us,—yet in death so fair,
We seem'd as in a dream to weep,
And half believed the fresh'ning air
Might break too soon that fatal sleep.

The lovely form, the grace, the worth,
Of many a bosom long were guests;
If more ye seek, the jealous earth
Will haste to answer, "Here she rests."

Dull nurse of bones! her dust is thine,
At least in these thy fleeting hours;
'Tis life we store in memory's shrine,
And that, nor age, nor worm devours.

Bathed in her smiles the landscape glow'd;
At home their softest lustre shone;
And still from joy's forsaken road
There breathes a charm, tho' she is gone.

When deepen most the starry skies,
A cloud may veil the Queen of night;
Yet every glade in silver lies,
And e'en the cloud is edged with light.

Nor youth, nor all we prize, when youth
Our nature's proudest aim reveals,
Nor love, nor love's rewarded truth,
Can foil the blow destruction deals.

Alp speaks aloud; the sounds of wrath
From crag to crag their mission tell;
They roll along the lightning's path,
And shake the rock where Alice fell:

Where Alice fell ere yet the wreath
Of bridal joy its leaves had shed,
Ere yet the smile that play'd beneath,—
So light the parting hour,—had fled.

Sweet Bride! the tears, that flow for thee,
Are more thy widow'd husband's due;
From fortune's mockery thou art free;
He lives to mourn the bliss he knew.

He mark'd the dazzling arrow's track,
Nor guess'd what ruin closed its flight;
Without a fear he hasten'd back,
And sank at once in hopeless night.

THE OLD LIFE-BOAT.

THE Life-boat—oh! the Life-boat we all have known so long,
A refuge for the feeble, the glory of the strong;
Twice thirty years have vanished since first upon the wave
She housed the drowning mariner, and snatch'd him from the grave.

Let others deem her crazy, nor longer fit to breast
The surge that, madly driven, bears down with foaming crest;
But we, who oft have mann'd her, when death was on the prow,
We cannot bear to leave her, nor will we leave her now.

Our fathers long before us her worth in danger tried;
Their fathers too have steer'd her amidst the boiling tide;
We love her,—'tis no wonder,—we can but follow them;
Let Heaven, but never word of man—the dear old boat "*condemn.*"

The Power aloft, whose lashes torment the briny pool,
Yet when the blast is keenest, forbids our hearts to cool,—
The hand of earthly kindness, that gave our boat its life,
That made it, bird-like, flutter o'er waves in deadly strife,—

The voices of the rescued,—their numbers may be read,—
The tears of speechless feeling our wives and children shed,—
The memories of mercy in man's extremest need,—
All for the dear old life-boat uniting seem to plead.

And now that kindred Spirit, who makes the poor His care,
Will heed our fond devotion, nor spurn the seaman's prayer:
Another craft, and brighter, may stem the raging gale;
Thy plea of sixty winters, old friend! can never fail.

Thine age shall be respected, thy youth perchance restored,
And sires and sons together shall press thy heaving board:
No fear that storms be wanting: and, call it old or new,
We'll cheer the boat that's foremost to save a sinking crew.

SHAKESPEARE'S TERCENTENARY.

SHAKESPEARE!—thy name is glory, and we want
No strain'd additions to the wreath which crowns
Thy radiant brow,—no laudatory cant,
No vulgar shout, that the still homage drowns
Of those, who in their silent depths of mind
Reflect thy fancy-worlds: Thou, on each page,
Where fragrant still and fresh they live enshrined,
Hast mirror'd nature's self, and every stage
Of shifting life, with all its tow'ring aims,
Its follies, inconsistencies, and shames.

Shakespeare! the rays that from that glory stream,
No "cold obstruction" meet in time or place;

They shine, as ages pass, with finer gleam,
And onward shoot into the tracts of space.
Tho' born with us, we dare not bind thee down
To one poor isle, and one imperfect tongue:
Thy country is mankind, from sage to clown;
O'er man's whole utt'rance is thy spirit flung:—
We may but echo an immortal name;
Thy works alone can buoy so vast a fame.

A MIDSUMMER MORNING'S RIDE.

A MIDSUMMER MORNING'S RIDE.

No cloud in sight,—a dawn of stirring June,—
The giant's shadow but a dwarf's at noon!

Self-roused betimes, and clad with random haste,
Like one who fears a precious hour to waste,
I hurried down, and mounting, light with glee,
Sought the wild hills, where nature still is free.
How green the turf! how fresh the limpid air!
What life renew'd in all the landscape there!

The tended flocks had just begun to stray;
In depths of ether wheel'd the bird of prey;
The goat-herd's form stood out against the sky;
The bee was busy, and the lark was high.

Each living impulse, exquisitely keen,
Sprang forth to mingle with the boundless scene;
While thought, expanding as the heart ran o'er,
Clasp'd all in one, and still had room for more.
So young, so bright the day's unfolding pow'r,
Joy rose elate, nor guess'd how fleet the hour.

My sole companion felt his lord's delight,
Snuff'd the cool morn, and revell'd in his might;
Nor paused—till neighing on the highland's brow,
He woke the million echoes far below,
Toss'd the broad rein, that check'd his eager speed,
And, chafing, show'd the mettle of his breed.

A valley, threaded by its gadding stream,
Where glanced thro' quiv'ring shades the matin beam,
My fancy won: I long'd, afar, to greet,
The willow'd marge, where whisp'ring breezes meet.

Relieved by gentle slopes, the rude descent
Allured me further as I further went:
At first, the parted heath and yielding ground
Scarce told where upland rains a channel found;
But opening soon, tho' curb'd, on right and left,
By shelving banks, deep scored with many a cleft,
The passage widen'd, and the waters too
That struggled downward, as it widen'd, grew.
The hills, receding then, a plain disclosed,
Where, rich with summer's bloom, the meads reposed;
Where cattle grazed, or ruminating lay,
While softly crept the dimpling stream away.

Hard by a creaking wheel, that lifted slow
Its round of buckets dripping from below,
Wreathed o'er with flow'ring vines, and roof'd with tile,
A cottage stood,—some peasant's lowly pile.
Himself, the swain, was there, in rustic guise,
Paternal fondness beaming from his eyes,

While group'd around, their morning meal in hand,
Alike, yet diff'ring, gazed his infant band.
For them he rears the garden's varied store,
And loads the mule that bears it from his door;
For him their earnest looks the task pursue,
Nor quite reserve a tenderer parent's due.

Not so with Her:—where'er the wantons play,
Watched by a mother flies their golden day.
Heav'n's sweet vicegerent! every want they share,
Her love supplies, or teaches how to bear.
Tho' light her frown, it turns their mirth to woe;
She smiles on home, 'tis warm in Lapland's snow.

Home, on the vulgar lip a fleeting sound,
Dwells long in hearts, where best resolves are found.
Know'st thou a ring, by fairies greenly traced?
'Tis there, and round it spreads a thorny waste;
Oft poor to sight, yet, like an acorn, stored
With embryo wealth, it guards a cherish'd hoard.

When thick'ning clouds o'er virtue's pathway roll,
What keener wish can spur the recreant soul?
'Tis Hope's own beacon on the stormy cliff,
Her last wild cry, when breakers whelm the skiff.

From charm to charm by nature's witch'ry drawn,—
No youth more rapt on Hymen's welcome dawn,—
I left the vale, and upward traced a brook,
That from the moor its loit'ring journey took.
Steep was the dell that hived its wanton spray,
Where peeping rocks held back the noontide ray;
And green that knoll, where oft the weary hind,
Lull'd by faint sounds, awhile his cares resign'd;
Or late, thro' twilight's mist, all wing'd with joy
Rang the blithe carol of some shepherd boy.

A lavish hand its treasures there had flung;
No briar so coarse but garlands round it hung.
What leafy ringlets, winnow'd by the breeze,
What spiry tendrils waved along the trees!

What mild and vivid hues, in seeming strife,
Peer'd from each brake with all the force of life!
No garden flower with gorgeous blooms array'd,
But first was cradled in the desert shade.
Can childhood's tearful smile surpass in power
The bud that glistens through an April shower?

Pride of the soil, behold yon branching Plane,
Huge as some tower that foes assault in vain!
Each leaf a banner, every branch a trunk,
Unbent by gales, that make the clouds seem drunk.
Age spares the stem, yet May's returning guest
Finds with each year a less protected nest;
Till, shorn by Time, the once embowering wreath
Sheds a faint network on the moss beneath,
And many a sturdy limb, all blanch'd and bare,
Spurns the scant foliage, straggling high in air.

Such trees have language; aye! of deeper kind
Than names which idly seam their sculptured rind;

Like mould'ring fanes they speak of days long past,
And awe the wretch they shelter from the blast.
Tales too are rife of more than one fond maid,
Whose airy steps have brush'd the haunted glade,
What time the stars their web of stillness wove,
And base betrayers shunn'd th' accusing grove,—
When thou, mute witness of her lover's oath,
Heard'st the deep sigh, that seem'd to peril both!

Look where I would, the spot an Eden seem'd;
With life the skies, the sward with blossoms teem'd:
Frail gems of summer, emblems, sadly bright,
Of charms that fade, and raptures prone to flight,
Mark'd by Aurora's tears for early doom,
And meetly scatter'd on the maiden's tomb.

Here, by its own sweet buoyancy reveal'd,
Floats the soft perfumed breath of bower and field;
The lizard here, in emerald vest attired,
Halts on the sunny path to be admired;

The beetle, cased in shards of diamond mail,
Basks on the rose, or, sparkling, rides the gale;
Plumes in the rainbow dipt, and insect wings,
Or flutt'ring rove, or wheel in gaudy rings.

Their glitt'ring dance, with ever-shifting maze,
Delight and wonder to the soul conveys;
Nor so absorbs it, but the ravish'd ear
May thrill with notes to musing fancy dear;—
Wild notes, that, fraught with zephyrs' murmur'd plaint,
Or sound of waters mutt'ring at constraint,
By distance soften'd, or from echo snatch'd,
Form nature's harmony, untaught, unmatch'd.
Of heav'nly birth their music leaves the heart
More deeply chasten'd than by strains of art;—
As conscience pure in youth's untainted hours,
And link'd with dreams of memory's greenest bow'rs.

Here, the poor outcast, doom'd by guilty rage,
And worn with toil, no generous hopes assuage,

Tho' well-nigh spent, may find a calm retreat,
Where anguish rests and happier pulses beat,
Where wisdom's lonely sons are least alone.
And hearts unstrung give out their native tone.

Such were the shades, from care, from vice removed,
That Horace loved to praise, and Maro loved;
Haunts of the polish'd Muse, that more than vied
With Latium's pomp and Cæsar's courtly pride,
Whose founts, that nursed th' immortalizing lay,
Flow, sparkling yet, thro' realms of proud decay.

What mystic glens, of grandeur more severe,
Breathed chill composure list'ning into fear,
When first Carthusia's monk, with dreary thought,
To grim seclusion gave the vows he taught?
Hark! o'er his cavern from yon fir-crown'd rock,
Howls the gaunt wolf at earth's convulsive shock;
There foaming cataracts, fiercer whirlwinds rush,
And headlong snows the crackling forest crush.

Go! mark him rapt in some transcendent scheme,
The founder's vision, or th' enthusiast's dream;
Now firm to quench the last few sparks of heat,
That, wav'ring, strive to keep their wonted seat;
Now stung with zeal a saintly pyre to raise,
And gild his solitude with glory's blaze.

No proud assumer of a beadsman's gown
Turn'd from the world and laid its honours down,
When one, whose arms had propp'd a noble cause,
In homely joys took refuge from applause;
Nor sigh'd to leave, when stern devotion call'd,
Friends, children, wife, whate'er his heart enthrall'd.

Lone, on the steep with beech-wood relics strew'd,
That countless years had wither'd and renew'd,
He noted, one by one, the steps of Time,
And grew, with habit, like the scene, sublime.

In those dark groves, above the torrent's bed,
When reel'd the land, and peace had all but fled,
Once more the hermit felt a patriot's glow,
And, seer-like, strode to meet th' impending woe.
No sword had he to cast into the scale;
His simple presence made the factions quail;
In madd'ning hearts he stirr'd the sense of shame,
And Wisdom triumph'd in her votary's name.

Yet think not *Bruno* differ'd from *De Flue*,
As nature's garden from the Queen's at Kew:
To one, who scans them stript of nice details,
A mark'd similitude in both prevails.
Each dwelt in fancies that exalt the soul;
Each scorn'd with pious hate the world's control.
A power was theirs to center all in mind,
And, if they ruled not, still to awe mankind.
Both loved to tread where none before had trod,
And commune singly with the works of God:

Twin heirs and tenants of the pathless wild,
With wrecks that charm, and Alpine horrors piled.

Are scenes preferr'd, that woo the gentler muse?
Seek Love's own minstrel in his deep Vaucluse!
Or stroll, where myrtles clothe the rough defile,
'Midst olive groves, in fair Corcyra's isle.
Be mine some bower, whence oft the rosy flake,
Slow circling, drops on Como's placid lake;
Mine the frail bark, that glides, with lifted oars,
Where yon famed waters part th' historic shores,
And night's sweet mourners,—hush'd the fretful wave,—
Speak best to hearts, where joy has found a grave,
While Stambol's planet seems to pause on high,
And mirror'd deep the mountain shadows lie.

Ye friends, to reason as to feeling true,
That hold your own, yet give the world its due;
Who fondly prize what little worth is mine,
And kindly bear with me for "auld lang syne"—

Whene'er this load of drudgery quits my breast,
And duty grants a longer day of rest,
Oh ! lead me, faltering, to some rural shrine,
Where strength and spirit may in peace decline,
Where ease, where leisure may in part retrieve
What ceaseless labour hastens to achieve,
And those, who long have soothed, may yet awhile
Cheer my dull path, my darkling hours beguile !

Then shall remembrance touch the latent spring,
And all its hallowing tints around me fling ;
Then dimly seen, as thro' th' autumnal haze,
May phantoms glimmer,—yours, long-vanish'd days !
The scrapes of boyhood, youth's impulsive aims,
Cam's reed-fringed wave, or banks of winding Thames ;
The guileless friends, whom kindred sports made one,
If rivals, only till the race was run ;
The studious bench, where on my tingling ear
Stole a new sense, as from some holier sphere ;

The field, where glory pointed first a way;
The spot, where love first taught my heart to stray;
A mother's parting look,—the mute farewell
That stayed a sister's tear-drop ere it fell;
The lapse of number'd weeks, the glad return,
And all the lessons man is born to learn:—
Meet rudiments of life in after years,
Its toil, its strife, its perils and its fears,
Its trophied halls, and monumental aisles,
Its woes and pleasures, all, except its wiles.

Turn'd from the past, let Hope with bolder sail
Stretch for that cove, whose shelter ne'er can fail,
Where time no change, affection dreads no blight,
And human sorrows melt away in light.

Ah! no: to reach so pure, so bright a realm,
Far steadier hands must guide the straining helm.
His outspread wing may some good angel lend,
Sustaining, mount, and tow'ring, yet ascend,

Till every doubt, and every fear withdrawn,
Eve's deep'ning close be welcome as the dawn,—
Till anxious eyes, that fence me round with love,
Catch from my cheek the comfort sought above,
And earth's last wish, not unconfirm'd by Heaven,
To the pure breeze, for Albion's weal, be given!

But, lo! the Sun has little more to climb;
My browsing comrade recks not of the time.
To me there beckons, thro' the glowing air,
A hand unseen by him, the hand of care.
The truant hours are sped, 'twere sin to stay;
Loose are the reins; away, my steed, away!

SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur lege solutis.

SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

I.

SUBTLER than air, as ocean vast,
It works, it wanders far and fast
Above, around,
And under ground,
In depths, where plummet never sounded,
In space, where embryo worlds are rounded,
On wings more rapid than the flight
Of whirlwind, thunderbolt, or light,
With powers the mountain flood to stem,
Or rival India's sparkling gem;
Unseen, unheard, untiring ever,
As strong to bind as strong to sever,
Now here, now there,
Most felt, where'er

In fields by toil enrich'd, or crowded streets
The mighty heart of population beats,
It spreads, with wild or temper'd rage,
From art to art, from page to page,
And, could we check its rushing speed,
By Heaven's own touch from darkness freed,
Our aching eyes might, haply, read
The Spirit of the Age.

II.

Of old it was not so:
The births of time, unfolding slow,
In caverns deep and dark were wont to grow:
Instinct with force, to nature's purpose true,
Mysterious life from secret founts they drew.
Matured at length they heard the voice of power,
And glory stamp'd them in their natal hour.
We measure by the days of man,
Their sum at best a tiny span.

What millions in the dust were laid
Ere yet one household loaf was made!
How oft the circling orbs went round,
Ere Newton's apple struck the ground,
Ere letters gave to thought a lasting form,
Ere cannon aped the terrors of the storm,
And, wing'd by each, went forth the Genius of Reform.

III.

Ho! with a gush,
Ho! with a rush
Through many a gate now open flung.
Wind, water, flame,
So hard to tame,
By man's research from teeming sources wrung,
Pour their broad flood-tides, single or combined,
To lift the social ark, and cheer th' expanding mind.
In Legislation's hall,
Down the barriers fall!

Laws of ancient standing
Faith no more commanding,
Act on act
Yields to fact,—
Experience the school,
Utility the rule,
A nation's weal the one great end:
Thither must talent, zeal, ambition tend;
There private aims collapse, and rival parties bend.
Now raise aloft thy wond'ring sight,
And read, emblazed in words of light,
Be law the poor man's friend!

IV.

Reflect on those dark times,
When virtue slept,
When nature wept,
When monsters, lies, and crimes,
Stirr'd upward from the dregs of life,
And work'd together by its strife,

O'er Europe spread their lep'rous scum,
And kept her children blind and dumb.
Then born of mystery and trick,
By superstition render'd quick,
Legends, and miracles, and dreams
Of monkish lore became th' exhaustless themes,
And, launch'd on thought's innumerable streams,
Went nigh to quench the last of Truth's transmitted gleams.
Then ancient learning was unlearnt,
Then books and witches both were burnt,
Then petty tyrants, arm'd
Against their neighbours, swarm'd;
Then darkness settled o'er the land,
The peasant crouch'd beneath his lord's command,
Inert the searching mind, and cramp'd the skilful hand!

V.

A warmth in the breeze!
A break in the cloud!

A stir on the seas!
A thrill in the crowd!
Hugging no more old ocean's shore,
The timid mariner creeps;
He gallantly braves its mountain waves
Far from the headland steeps.
Tho' wide the waste and winter dark,
The trembling needle guides his bark.
Now, Commerce, now
The billows plough,
What golden harvests crown the brine!
Loose every sail
To the ocean gale;
A realm of boundless wealth is thine.
See! the great Atlantic Queen
Gives the welcome of her smile,
Throned in dignity serene
On the cliffs that gird her isle.
Bristling with ten thousand masts,
Fearless of the whirlwind's blasts,

Trade-honour'd Thames
His tribute claims,
And grateful sends to every distant sea
The brazen warders, that, if need there be,
Rush forth in flames.

VI.

Truly a glorious day was won;
But clouds obscured the mounting sun.
Protection gall'd the merchant's neck;
Taxes on food gave life itself a check;
And, upas-like, monopoly display'd
Its baneful flag o'er many an art and trade;
Free competition felt a with'ring chill,
And smuggling went ahead, while trade stood still.
Rent, profit, wages in confusion lay;
Without division labour made no way.
The wealth of nations was a dream or myth,
Till, moved by Scotia's voice, came Adam Smith.

Then statesmen learnt, if honey they would hive,
Their aim should be to make their neighbours thrive.
But heavy roads and thorny hedges,
And swampy grounds o'erlaid with sedges,
Obstructed Reason's march;
Old maxims brook'd not those more hardy,
The best of novelties were tardy,
And prejudice like starch.
A cobbling, hobbling, squabbling state of things,
Endured alike by Commons, Lords, and Kings.

VII.

Oh for a Dante's fire,
The Grecian's voice of thunder,
A wing no flight may tire,
A foot that cannot blunder!
Then, haply, might I dare
To sing that great invention,
Which made the nations stare
When first it roused attention.

Haste, and set the type in lines:
How the speaking metal shines!
Brighter still shall be the gleam
Shot from many a burning ream,
When the bard's enraptured thought,
When the law by sages taught,
Through the world from pole to pole
Shall the waves of knowledge roll.

Faust, no doubt, when first he printed,
Saw what none before had hinted,
Saw with a prophetic glance
How the Press o'er empires striding,
Into hall and cottage gliding,
In the clouds its forehead hiding,
Would the bounds of thought advance.
Had he seen our monster Journal,
Fit to save or overturn all,
"Shooting folly as it flies,"—
Seen the News, emblazed with pictures,
Full of rhymes and full of strictures,

Full of all the world supplies,
Quips of Punch, the Owl's vagaries,
Penny sheets and Charivaries,
He'd have open'd wide his eyes.

VIII.

Yes: open'd wide and shut them too
With more than one deep, long-drawn *whew!*
As though he fear'd his mate, old Nick,
Had served him out a scurvy trick.
For us, who live some ages later,
Placed, as it were, behind the curtain,
And charm'd with dancing in a crater,
There's consolation full and certain.
If moving types impell'd by steam
Give wings to many an idle scheme,
To hideous crimes best kept from sight,
To fumes of democratic spite,
To wanton scoffs at priest and peer,
To venom'd shafts at those who steer,

With showers of eloquent applause
On all who carp at settled laws,
Or strive by floods of wild debate
To swamp the functions of the state,
They also heal propriety's worst breaches
By publishing in full the dullest speeches,—
By giving workhouse mercies their true name,
By branding scoundrel companies with shame,
By holding firm the scales of praise and blame,
And pleading still for peace when realms are half in flame.

IX.

By night and by day,
We rattle away,
Scarce time for a dram or a chop—
Not a horse, or a toll,
We ride on sea-coal—
And the wonder is where we shall stop.

Mail-coach drivers! smart postilions,
Victims of five hundred millions,
Spent to make us go like fun!
Locomotives, rails and sleepers,
Make you seem a race of creepers
Even when we slowest run.
From London to Paris
The morning train carries
In ten or twelve hours at most,
Peers, Bagmen, and Sages,
Men of acres or wages,
Both sexes, all ages,
Flying as if from a ghost.
Oh! 'tis a race,
Where time and space
May well look foolish:
Go! take the train!
What *can* you gain
By being mulish?

Much, very much
Like nature's touch,
As Shakespeare says, you know what in,
A railway makes the whole world kin.

X.

Yet think not Mars will break his sword,
And Peace become a truthful word,
At once, for ever!
Man loves a shindy from his heart,
And long to play a bully's part
Will think it clever.
To live without the charms of strife
Is flat in any kind of life,
The matrimonial even;
And steam, on land and water too,
Has many miracles to do,
Ere earth be quite like heaven.

'Tis sad; but instinct, by experience back'd,
Assumes the force and gravity of fact.
"Empire is peace"—who knows it best, has spoken;
But what's the use of arms, if heads are never broken?

XI.

Look to it, Time!
'Tis thy concern:
Chime after chime,—
We list and learn.
What a maze of discoveries!
Not an atom pass'd over is!
Scientific, mechanical,
Isothermal, botanical,
Meteoric, political,
Metaphysical, critical,
Whatever in ography, onomy, ology,
May here be discarded without an apology.

But what shall we do,
When all is found out?
When the Sage has run through
His fortune of doubt?
Gases warm and light our houses,
Self-run stitches make a suit;
Where the savage bison browses,
Where no herb can fix a root,
O'er the trackless world of waters,
O'er the wastes of snow and sand,
Words of love from wives and daughters,
Words from those in high command,
Leap unseen, like thought in dreams,
And at once join both extremes.
Not a change, but the range
Of amazement grows wider and wider;
No Parliament Bill,
Tho' meant to stand still,
But is spurr'd by a mettlesome rider!
There's fiddling and dancing;
The witch lights are glancing;

'Tis a world-fair—a revel—a stage,
Where comic and tragic
Are jumbled by magic;—
The spirits are those of the Age.

XII.

To every age, as will'd by Heaven,
A spirit of its own is given.
As wants or wishes, fears or hopes impel,
In man's wild heart the tides of passion swell.
In this our brief eventful act
Where all varieties are pack'd,
The thirst of change,—too oft for change's sake,—
Most fires our blood, and keeps us wide awake;
We seek not only to repair
The damage done by wear and tear;
To lengthen life, to break the fetter;
We fain would pocket all the odds,
Be free like eagles, wise as gods,
Strip off poor "*Well,*" and plunge for "*Better.*"

A brilliant game of hazard truly,
That makes the world at times unruly,
That sharpens wits
Already sharp enough,
And flatters those of duller stuff
With some good hits.
Well! put on steam, crowd every sail,
Fly swift before or on the gale;
But look your hold be fully stored,
Waste not your coal, but rather hoard,
And throw not too much ballast overboard.

XIII.

Lo! the People's fiat
Calls for peace and quiet.
Heaven and Mammon arm in arm!
Months of pauper diet
Raised but half a riot
Quell'd at once with little harm.

Strange,—portentous rather!—
Strange, that clouds should gather,
Strange, that winds should howl,
When the wise in weather
Club their heads together,
Reading "*fair*" for "*foul.*"
What said the firs, the fens of Poland?
What said the Czar's own flats of Snowland,
His freemen bound, his bondsmen free?
Could scythes perform the work of rifles?
Did war's last horrors seem like trifles
Compared with Russia's amnesty?
In the land of art and beauty,
Land of Nature's brightest staples,
Where to love is man's chief duty,—
Land of Venice, Rome, and Naples:
Can the watchman on the tower
See no tempest round him lower?
Dares he yet proclaim as *one*,
All beneath Italia's sun?

Cold is Cavour! We seek in vain his heir;
Conquest's own child is victim of a snare;
Lips which the million roused are basely muzzled;
France rocks the Papal chair, and all the world is puzzled.

XIV.

Now take a wider sweep,
Where mutter storms in dog-like sleep
Near yon Carpathian hills:
Or where our Hamlet's realm displays
The raven type of ancient days,
The force of stubborn wills.
Or further, further, where the tide
Of murd'rous rapine whelms the pride,
So lately roll'd in dust,
Of Pekin's heaven-descended lord,
His rod of power a broken sword,
His throne an empire's crust.

Is Prussia clear of civil strife?
Does peace not hang upon a life,
Where glory gilds the chain?
Has every danger ceased to lurk
Beneath the cushions of the Turk?
Will Greece no more complain?
Alas! if Elgin's pen relates
What doom on sway despotic waits,
Millions of printed reams
Too plainly show what ills may crush
The proudest hopes, when freemen rush
To passion's worst extremes.

Thou land of promise! Land, for weal or woe,
Of England's hope, and Europe's overflow!
In each sequestered glen,
On every teeming plain,
Must crops of armèd men
Replace the golden grain?
Must hate and vengeance every law confound?

Must tyrants squat on freedom's chosen ground?
And e'en the myth of Thebes at last by truth be crown'd?

XV.

If ever age and thought "attain
To something of prophetic strain,"
'Tis now the time for those to score
Who have a stock of years and lore;
Who, versed betimes in old transactions,
Have watch'd the play of modern factions,
And found, perchance, in both, no mean attractions.
Life-long experience joined to study,
May best condense the rare, dilute the muddy,
And spy the noontide show'r, when morning tints are ruddy.
Gold and hemp together twined
Form the web for life design'd;

'Tis a chequer'd tissue ;
Soul and body, faith and pelf!—
Man is ever with himself
More or less at issue.
Whate'er the nation, great or small,
Its lispings are the root of all.
'Tis well to cypher, write and read ;
But hearts need tone, and minds a creed.
The leaguer'd town has guns and walls,
Yet mann'd by cowards, down it falls.
First stands the nurse, the parent next,
What's learnt at school is but the text,
Nature has skill to reach the heart
Thro' tongues untrain'd by any art.
What counsel abler than a mother's love,
On whose dear knees our lips in prayer first move,
And seek that greatest boon, the blessing from above?

XVI.

Man's will is selfish, God's for all ;
'Twere best if both could work together,—
If, join'd on this terraqueous ball,
They served at once for spring and tether.
The air with life and rapture swarms,
No wing but swift as fancy's arrow ;
While Nature blooms, and summer warms,
E'en space itself would seem too narrow.
Yet would ye thrive,
Go, find a hive,
And fence your honey'd store,
Ere winter's blast,
So keen, so fast,
Shakes window, stack, and door.
This homely wisdom, plain as true,
From Time's old hoard our fathers drew.
The pile they built, though shaken oft,
Still rears its storied front aloft,

And shelters both from crown and mob,—
Tho' not, alas! from speech and job,—
Whate'er the minds of high renown
From age to age have handed down,
Not graved on brass, nor typed in form,
But strong to meet both flood and storm,
Palladium of the triple realm,
Which ruin may at last o'erwhelm,
But not while honour guards our rocky strand,
Or freedom's life-blood warms the freeborn hand,
And firm in battle ranks the youth of Britain stand.

XVII.

So dream'd I once,
Like many a dunce,
In those bewild'ring hours,
When scythe and glass,
As on they pass,
Are wreathed awhile with flowers.

Let sap and mine
Their arts combine,
The best may come to grief:
All have their term,
And blight or worm
Will curl the fairest leaf.

The tow'r on India's steepest rock
Repels the mad tornado's shock:
But should the pépul's fatal root
From some weak part or cranny shoot,
The warder's care, the mason's skill,
Are vain to check the secret ill:
Its creeping fibres, day by day,
From stone to stone, grope out their way
Till, by its treach'rous parasite betray'd,
The loosen'd mass in weeds and dust is laid,
Or, wasting inward like a rotten stack,
Rolls down in pieces on the first attack.

Amendment is a thing of need;
Improvement gives the laggard speed;
Reform is Fancy's child:
Some think the urchin one too much;
Some think it wants another touch,
And cannot be too wild.

Its infant hands may from the cradle break,
And crush, to try their force, some writhing snake;
But Heaven forbid that, growing up to worse,
It prove no blessing, but a nation's curse,
And choke with murd'rous grasp its mother or its nurse.

XVIII.

Ye sober minds,
Whose wisdom finds
The straw wherewith to build;
Who scorn to wait
Till Church and State
For every taste are drill'd,

Much still to do
Remains for you
In many a tainted spot;
Earth, water, air,
Invite your care,
And most the pauper's lot.

Sublime was He, whose thought could range
The world's unlimited exchange,
And prove how each is made for all
By magic of the crystal hall.
Tho' lost to sight, his genius still
Pervades the haunts of toil and skill.
'Tis yours to spread the lambent flame
That winds in glory round his name,
Not basely spread it for the lust of gold,
But more the wealth of nature to unfold;
To cheer the gloom in labour's rough domain,
And loose the frozen charities of gain.

A grateful heart, that feels and knows
How little to itself it owes,
Must yearn the debt to clear,
That justice claims at every door,
Where fortune's brimming horn runs o'er,
And want is ever near.

The social ties, that strengthen as they bind,
May form at last one household of mankind;
Grand hope!—ah! why has time so far to run
Ere earth's proud sons the paths of conquest shun,
And works of peaceful use eclipse an Armstrong gun!

NOTES.

NOTES.

FIRST SERIES.

Page 3, *line* 1.—On the abdication of Napoleon Buonaparte in April, 1814, the Swiss Cantons, which had been constituted anew under his mediation, broke into separate parties, and much animosity prevailed among them. The principal Allied Powers endeavoured to reconstruct the Confederacy on a groundwork of mutual and voluntary concessions. This was no easy task, and the lines here addressed to the Swiss were composed in a moment of despondency, when passions ran so high as to threaten a hostile issue.

Page 3, *line* 9.—The "Immortal Three" were Stauffacher and his two fellow-patriots, the founders of Swiss independence, who met in secret at a well-known spot overlooking the Lake of Lucerne, and there laid their plans, swearing to each other, and shaking hands upon the oath.

Page 4, *line* 4.—Two battles, I think, were fought for Swiss liberty near Morgarten, in the Canton of Schweitz, where the flags taken by Reding are still preserved in the sanctuary of the Church.

Page 4, *line* 6.—The famous tree, still, I believe, existing,

whose branches shaded the Grison patriots when pledging themselves to their country's independence.

Page 7.—Espoz y Mina. The famous guerilla partisan in the Spanish war of independence. He passed through Zurich in the summer of 1815—an exile!

Page 17, *line* 1.—The "Linden Tree" was written to record an incident which happened near Vienna. A numerous party, of both sexes, met on a fine day in autumn to dine in the open air. At parting, it was proposed to meet again at the same spot in some distant year. There were twenty guests, and the twentieth anniversary was chosen. Isabella, Countess of Waldstein, sketched the tree under which they had dined, and gave to each of her friends a card, bearing that symbol, and the date of the future meeting. Von Hammer, the historian, accepted his card with a delicate censure on the rashness of his fair young friend. The full score of years had nearly elapsed in forgetfulness, when suddenly his eye fell upon the treasured card. He hastened to keep his engagement, and reached the well-known spot only to find himself alone. He was the sole survivor of the party. Even the tree had disappeared.

Page 46, *line* 1.—Commodore Decatur is better known in America than in Europe. But the annals of our last war with the United States bear ample testimony to his merit. He stood high in the naval service of his country, and his fall in a duel was the more to be lamented, as he left on record that a feeling of honour, opposed to his conscientious scruples, had alone induced him to accept his adversary's challenge.

Page 50, *line* 1.—The scene of this little poem is a vineyard on the hills which slope down to the Lake of Lugano.

Page 61, *line* 1.—The mountain stream which suggested these verses, falls or flows into the sea at a short distance from Genoa, on the road to Spezzia and Lucca. It depends on the weather for being a torrent or a brook.

Page 67.—The remains of Viscount Dundee were deposited in a church or chapel, now in ruins, near the village of Blair Athole.

Page 87, *line* 1.—The fine old mansion of Sutton, which forms the subject of this poem, is situated about three miles from the town of Guildford. It still belongs, as far as I know, to the Catholic family of Weston.

Page 107, *line* 1.—The simple character here described was suggested by a passage in "Pashley's Travels."

Page 110.—These stanzas originated in a visit paid to Dryburgh Abbey in 1836.

Page 114.—It was in the spring of 1853 that I wrote several of these stanzas, when steaming along the southern coast of the Morea.

Page 127, *line* 2.—"Unbearded:" alluding to the "*Imberbis* Apollo" of classical antiquity.

FORTUNES OF GENIUS.

Page 141, *line* 11.—It is said of Napoleon the First, that he saw, or fancied that he saw, a brilliant star, or meteor, which

no one else could see, in the heavens, and that it seemed to him the sign of his genius, and his guide to greatness.

Page 142, *line* 2.—This is no poetical invention. The incident—a truly tragical one—occurred at Cambridge some forty or fifty years ago. The sufferer's name is best omitted.

Page 143, *line* 11.—John Cantacuzene, in the year of our Lord 1355, set the example which was followed, two centuries later, by Charles the Fifth of Spain. He laid aside the imperial purple, and retired to Mount Athos in a monastic habit. See Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," vol. xi. pp. 386, 387.

Page 149, *lines* 13 *to* 18.—Buckland, the intelligent and learned geologist, Dean of Westminster; Dadd, a painter of much talent, convicted of having killed his father in a state of mental delusion, and now confined in Bethlehem Hospital; Chatterton, whose genius and melancholy fate are known to every schoolboy; Pascal, Blaise Pascal, the sad, disastrous eclipse of whose wonderful powers of mind was so deeply deplored in the last century but one, not only by his countrymen in France, but throughout the world of science and literature. He died with a clouded intellect, the consequence of a frightful accident, at the premature age of thirty-eight.

Page 150, *line* 6.—The story of Leonardo da Vinci and Duke Ludovico Sforza, here alluded to, is so generally known, that it may suffice to remind the reader of two particulars: first, that the exculpatory picture, representing the Last Supper, is still to be seen at Milan; and secondly, that the painter is believed to have given his Judas the features of

the man who incensed Duke Sforza against him by a false accusation.

Page 151, *line* 3.—Sir Humphrey Davy rose from an apothecary's shop in Cornwall, to be President of the Royal Society, with the title of Baronet. He is called the "spoilt child of fortune," by one of his biographers. He acquired by his marriage with Jane, the widow Apreece, an amount of income which enabled him to enjoy the best society of London, on equal terms with men of rank and wealth. Lady Davy was herself a distinguished member of that society, and indeed of every social circle, wherever she happened to fix her residence from time to time, whether in England or on the Continent.

Page 152, *line* 12.—It is all but superfluous to explain that Mary de Medicis, Catharine of Russia, and our own Queen Bess, are designated in this verse.

Page 152, *line* 14.—The "Witch," as Cleopatra was well named.

Page 156, *line* 18.—John Sobieski was not the Emperor's heir by blood, but was marked by the public voice as worthy of being adopted by Leopold to that high honour.

Page 158, *line* 14.—George Canning was fifty-seven years old when he died. Let it not be thought a misapplication of the term to call his grave an "early" one. Imagine what more he might have achieved for his country, had he but continued to live a moiety of the time to which his late lamented successor in office and policy was allowed to prolong his career.

Page 160.—Of the "*reign of terror*," and the *reign of*

conquest, it would be hard to say which was the most bloody.

Page 160, *line* 10.—With respect to Lord Byron, the term "coeval" must of course be understood with a certain latitude.

Page 161, *line* 5.—Such is the story related of Columbus in most of the printed records of his adventures.

Page 165, *line* 3.—This passing allusion to a great political lawyer and statesman still living may perhaps be excused on behalf of the tribute which is thereby conveyed to one of Lord Brougham's most successful efforts in the cause of charity and justice.

Page 165, *lines* 15 and 16.—The reader will no doubt bear in mind, that it was the Emperor Charles the Fifth who presided in person at the famous Diet of Worms.

Page 166, *line* 11.—"By famine scorn'd to reign." The reader will excuse me if I remind him, however unnecessary it may be, that Henry IV. of France, when besieging Paris, allowed provisions to pass into the city, rather than owe its capture to the starvation of the inhabitants.

Page 167, *line* 13.—Mozart, whose famous dramatic and musical composition of the Magic Flute will readily occur to the admirers—and who can number them?—of his matchless talent.

Page 171, *lines* 4 to 10.—This page was written many years ago. Americans may now justly boast of having won the favour of almost every Muse, and Russia must be allowed to have increased considerably the list of her successful candidates for fame in the departments of art and literature.

With respect to Switzerland, the German cantons possess a few names of literary note. Holbein of Basle, Lavater, Fuseli and Gessner of Zurich, Haller of Berne, Zimmermann of Argovy, and Müller of Schaffhausen alone may be thought to have any claims to the character of genius. With the exception of Holbein, the Fine Arts have no representative in all Switzerland unless it be Luini of Ticino, where female beauty joins with the scenery to furnish materials for artistic talent. Geneva has treasures of its own, and they are stamped with the world-wide names of Calvin, Rousseau, and Saussure.

Page 174, *line* 12.—Honour is now due to North America from both these sources, nor is Mr. Rarey's individual credit lost in the magnitude of Negro emancipation.

Page 177, *line* 17.—Occasionally the same discovery has to all appearance been made by two contemporary claimants, neither of them having any previous intimation of the other's success. The few examples of this kind of coincidence are familiar to all.

Page 178, *line* 15.—"The hand" was that of Themistocles, who, at a public entertainment, declined to play a tune on the lyre when it came to his turn, and excused himself by saying that he knew better how to turn *a small city into a great one.*

Page 180, *lines* 3 and 4.—It is well known that Nelson carried the day at Copenhagen by an act of disobedience, attributable, if you please, to his previous loss of an eye. Frederick the Great is said to have once gained a victory by taking note of some wet impassable ground, which lay between one of his wings and the adverse flank of the

enemy. Under cover of his infantry's fire along the whole line he secretly doubled his cavalry on the other wing, and, having thus totally outnumbered his opponent of that arm, followed up the advantage by a forward movement of his whole army with overwhelming success. It would seem that, in his time, the usual order of battle was to place the infantry in the centre, and the cavalry in balanced divisions on each flank.

Page 180, *line* 13.—When Michael Angelo had passed his eightieth year, some one is said to have met him late one evening by moonlight within the arena of the Coliseum. "What brings you here at this hour?" was the natural question for a friend to ask. The answer was singular and impressive. "I come to *learn*."

Page 182, *lines* 1 and 2.—What signifies our ignorance of Homer's birthplace? Is it not enough to justify his glory, and our admiration of his poems, that they were read two thousand years ago at the public games of Greece, and that three elaborate translations of the Iliad have appeared in London alone within the last two?—"Thy victim, Florence!" The allusion is obviously to Dante, the next, according to time, of that immortal triumvirate to whose unquestioned superiority the world never ceases to do homage.

Page 184, *lines* 11 and 12.—Recent excavations near Rome have laid open a subterranean world of faith and mortality. The rocky or volcanic stratum that in general underlies the Campagna di Roma has been pierced in many parts from the earliest ages for purposes of sepulture. Many Christian martyrs were not only buried in such tombs, but frequently

lived there too. Life protracted in the mansions of the dead! Death deprived by faith even there of its worst horrors! Well may the twofold contemplation excite our deepest emotions.

Page 186, *line* 9.—In the spring of 1859, I was partly an eye-witness of those popular and military movements which immediately preceded the war for Italian Unity.

SECOND SERIES.

Page 212, *lines* 10 and 11.—Murten is the German name for Morad; "The rash one," Charles the Bold; "The proud one," the Emperor of Germany. Morgarten is situated on the shore of Lake Egri.

Page 216.—"The Conqueror's last return:" conveyance of the First Napoleon's remains from St. Helena, and their consignment to the Chapel of the Invalides at Paris. The day of the entombment was ushered in with very severe weather, which changed suddenly about noon to a clear atmosphere and brilliant sunshine. It was the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz.

Page 232.—"Eden." A lady of this name threw herself into the water to save, and succeeded in saving, a half-drowned child.

Page 238, *line* 1.—"Yelcován:" a large kind of swallow seen continually on the Bosphorus in flocks of various numbers skimming swiftly up and down the current. Europeans call them *Les ames damnées*.

Page 243.—Wolff. The celebrated Jewish convert and traveller, who went to Bokhara in order to ascertain the fate of Colonel Stodhart and Captain Conolly.

Page 282, *line* 13.—The sudden close of the Crimean war extinguished, for the time, those hopes which Poland and her enthusiastic people had cherished more or less during its continuance. What was a brilliant success to the Allies was to them a total discomfiture. This circumstance suggested the lines to which the present note is appended.

Page 285.—The Princess Royal's marriage in the winter of 1858 gave occasion to these lines.

Page 292.—The lady whose early and lamented death is recorded here, was Agnes, Lady George Paget. Her merits required no flights of poetry to set them off. "Gratior et pulcro veniens in corpore virtus."

Page 305.—This poem is a mere dream of fancy, suggested by the delightful scenery of Mentone.

Page 314, *line* 1.—The tree whose fall is here recorded stood in the grounds of Inverary Castle, among those noble avenues which were planted about the time of Johnson's visit to Scotland. I was there when the accident occurred, and the impression it made upon me shaped itself, almost involuntarily, into rhyme as I journeyed to the South.

Page 321.—The poem at this page and the two following ieces, were written during the war in the Duchies, and under feelings of pity and admiration, naturally drawn out by the lamentable events of the time.

Page 332.—"There's rue for *you*." The concluding stanzas under this head are founded on a terrible reality.

Page 335. — "The old life-boat." These stanzas are little more than echoes of the sentiments and wishes expressed by some fishermen of Redcar, in a memorial to the Earl of Zetland, no longer ago than September, 1864. It is pleasing to know that the prayer of these brave and feeling hearts obtained its end. The boat was repaired, with thei patron's assistance, and is ready to float again with renewed strength, and, as I hope, with continued usefulness, whenever the sea rages and lives are in peril on the stormy coast of Yorkshire.

MIDSUMMER MORNING'S RIDE.

Page 343. — The scene of this ride was a valley of rather picturesque appearance, situated a few miles out of town, between Constantinople and the Bosphorus, the same by which Mahomet the Second contrived to send his flotilla to the attack and final conquest of the city.

Page 348, *line* 7.—This description is meant to give a portrait of the original tree, as *it still* flourishes in nature.

Page 352, *line* 7, and following.—Nicholas von Flue is not so well known out of Switzerland as his colleague here, the great Carthusian. He is known familiarly there as "Bruder Klaus." The principal features of his life, as shadowed out in the text, admit of no question. It is almost incredible that, after turning hermit, he should have lived many years in rigorous seclusion within a few miles of his wife, his children, and their family house, without ever going to see

them again. I never heard that any misfortune or misunderstanding had given cause for so remarkable an estrangement. The crowning service he rendered to his countrymen, when they were on the point of coming to blows over the spoils of Italy, made no difference in his manner of life. He returned at once to solitude from the scene of his patriotic arbitration, and night after night continued to lay his head on the same billet of wood, till death removed him from his cell to his grave.

Page 354, *lines* 9 to 14.—The "historic shores" are those of the Bosphorus, where, in the months of May and June, the nightingales may be heard from the water, as if responding to each other from the opposite continents. The moon when up leaves nothing to be wished for.

THE END.

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